L.A. CONFIDENTIAL

Rev. 5/3/96

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FADE IN:

1 Over the opening strains of "I Love You, California," a montage: a mixture of headlines, newsreels footage and live action. Economy Booming! Postwar Optimism! L.A.: City of The Future! But most prominent among them: GANGLAND! Police photographers document crime scenes. The meat wagon hauls ex-button men to the morgue. Where will it end? 1

2 EXT. L.A. SKYLINE - SUNSET 2

Palm trees in silhouette against a cherry sky. City lights twinkle. Los Angeles. A place where anything is possible. A place where dreams come true. As the sky darkens, triple-klieg lights begin to sweep back and forth.

3 EXT. MANSION (HANCOCK PARK) - NIGHT 3

The KLIEG LIGHTS are out front. Valets hurry to park a line of elegant cars.

MAYOR'S VOICE
Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you the future of Los Angeles!

4 INT. HANCOCK PARK MANSION - BALLROOM - NIGHT 4

The MAYOR yanks a cloth to reveal a MODEL of L.A. criss-crossed by an elaborate FREEWAY SYSTEM. The CROWD oohs. A COUNCILMAN claps. A SOCIETY MATRON nods her approval.

PIERCE PATCHETT, 50, tuxedoed, watches off to one side. A behind-the-scenes power broker, Patchett exudes authority much more so than the mayor does.

MAYOR
The Arroyo Seco freeway is just the beginning. We're planning freeways from Downtown to Santa Monica, from the South Bay to the San Fernando Valley. Instead of being packed like sardines on buses and subways, the citizens of Los Angeles will be in their own cars enjoying trouble free travel in every direction. *

More applause. One REPORTER asks a little too loudly...

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 4

REPORTER
How many bodies you think Mickey Cohen'll be able to hide in all that cement?

The Mayor wears a plastic smile, ignores it.

5 INT. THE MOCAMBO - NIGHT 5

A CLUB PHOTOGRAPHER pops snap-shots, but the real action is on the floor where MICKEY COHEN dances with THREE different GIRLS at once. A fireplug of a man, he hardly seems a public menace. Nearby is his bodyguard JOHNNY STOMPANATO. Over it all: *

SID HUDGEONS' VOICE
Meyer Harris Cohen, Mickey C to his fans. He's the big moocher, local L.A. color to the nth degree. You know Mickey. He runs dope, rackets and prostitution. He kills a dozen people a year. But who you may not know is bodyguard Johnny Stompanato.

His hair in a slick pompadour, Stompanato keeps an eye on Cohen and comes onto a CIGARETTE GIRL at the same time.

SID HUDGEONS' VOICE
Johnny's handsome, ladies, but the real attraction is below the belt. Second only to Steve Cochran, he's sometimes known as 'Oscar' because of his Academy Award-sized appendage.

Mickey works a sweat on the dance floor. A bottle of champagne pops; Stompanato reacts, nearly draws a pistol from his shoulder holster. As he laughs at himself...

6 INT. <u>HUSH-HUSH</u> MAGAZINE OFFICE - NIGHT 6

Lurid page one headlines cover the wall where SID HUDGEONS types. The essence of sleaze, Sid is the publisher-photographer-writer of <u>Hush-Hush</u> magazine and keeper of inside dirt supreme. As he continues...

HUDGEONS' VOICE
Remember, dear readers, you heard it here first, off the record, on the QT and very <u>Hush-Hush</u>.

7 INT. HANCOCK PARK MANSION - BALLROOM - NIGHT 7

The party continues. The Mayor has moved off to the side with the power brokers. Patchett is a presence.

MAYOR
We're selling an image, gentlemen. Beautiful weather. Affordable housing.
(re: model)
Trouble free transportation. And the best police department in the world to keep it all running smoothly.

8 EXT. STORE FRONT - NIGHT 8

A dozen people watch a display window TELEVISION as it rolls the opening of the hit show "Badge of Honor." A shot of City Hall, shots of Los Angeles, and over them, the familiar theme music and "Sgt. Joe Reno's" voice (actor BRETT CHASE): *

CHASE'S VOICE
My name? Joe Reno. The city? Los Angeles, California. A big time town. Full of all sorts of people. *

Cuts to a shot of the squad room, a man at his desk, a man with a face you can trust. *

BRETT CHASE
It's my job to help them. I like what I do. I'm a cop.

9 INT. HANCOCK PARK MANSION - BALLROOM - NIGHT 9

MAYOR
(continuing)
But with a second rate Al Capone out there, L.A. looks like Chicago in the 30's. Something has to be done.

As Pierce Patchett nods sagely.

10 INT. OLYMPIC AUDITORIUM - NIGHT 10

Wrestler GORGEOUS GEORGE primps and poses before flattening an opponent with a drop kick.

11 INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT 11

An enthusiastic crowd adjusts their 3-D glasses.

12 EXT. COHEN MANSION (BEVERLY HILLS) - DAY 12

In monogrammed silk pajamas, Mickey Cohen answers the door, his pet BULLDOG Mickey Jr. at his feet. The police are waiting. REPORTERS' flashbulbs pop.

POLICE OFFICER
Mr. Cohen, you're under arrest.

MICKEY COHEN
Bullshit. What's the charge?

POLICE OFFICER
Non-payment of federal income tax.

MICKEY COHEN
Bullshit.

13 EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE - DAY 13

JOHN WAYNE gets his hand prints in the sidewalk.

14 EXT. WESTCHESTER BEAN FIELD - DAY 14

MIGRANT WORKERS hurry to finish the harvest. We pan to CONSTRUCTION WORKERS who wait impatiently with bulldozers under a Spirit of The Future BANNER. As the last picker leaves the field, the bulldozers move in, leveling the bean rows to make way for a housing tract.

15 EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY 15

Flashbulbs pop as Mickey Cohen exits and starts down the steps. Accompanied by his LAWYERS, bodyguard Stompanato and mob lieutenants DEUCE PERKINS and NATE JANKLOW, Cohen ignores REPORTERS' shouts.

REPORTERS
How's your bullshit now, Mickey?!

As Cohen gets into a waiting car, the media turn their attention to District Attorney ELLIS LOEW. A singularly ambitious man, Loew loves the spotlight.

LOEW
Today is an auspicious one for the city of Los Angeles. Mickey Cohen has just been sentenced to ten years in Federal Prison for failure to pay income tax.
(MORE)

15 CONTINUED: 15

LOEW (CONT'D)
As the District Attorney for Los Angeles County, it is my pleasure to declare our great city organized crime free. It is truly the dawning of a new day.

The song ends and so does the montage.

16 INT. PACKARD - 1486 EVERGREEN (SUBURBIA) - NIGHT 16

Behind the wheel, Wendell "BUD" WHITE, 32. An LAPD cop, Bud's rep as the toughest man on the force has been well-earned. Bud stares intently at a stucco house in a row of vet prefabs. A neon SANTA SLEIGH has landed on the roof. Through the front window, a BEEFY GUY browbeats his WIFE. Puff-faced, 35-ish, she backs away as he rages at her.

In the Packard's backseat, with cases of Walker Black and Cutty Sark, is Bud's partner -- DICK STENSLAND. Older, but also a tough hump, "Stens" sucks on a pint of Old Crow. Stens sighs as Bud flips through a handwritten pad of names, addresses and dates.

STENSLAND
You're like Santa Claus with that list, Bud. Except everyone on it's been naughty.

BUD
Here it is. Guy's been out on parole two weeks.

STENSLAND
Leave it for later. We got to pick up the rest of the booze and get it back to the station.

Bud picks up the radio.

BUD
Hollywood, this is 6A-7. Have Central send a prowler to 1486 Evergreen. Male caucasion Ralph Kinnard in custory. Aggravated assault, resisting arrest and assaulting a police officer. We won't be here, but they'll see him. *

17 EXT. 1486 EVERGREEN - NIGHT 17

Bud steps to the house.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 17

Inside we hear slaps, muffled cries. Bud grips an outlet cord coming off the roof and yanks. The sleigh crashes to the ground with reindeer exploding around it. A beat. The Beefy Guy runs out to investigate, spots Bud.

BEEFY GUY
Who the fuck are you?

BUD
The Ghost of Christmas Past. How'd you like to dance with a man for a change?

The Beefy Guy takes a swing, misses. Bud digs a fist into his gut. Grabbing Beefy's hair, Bud drives his face to the pavement. Once, twice. Teeth skitter down the walk.

BUD
Touch her again and I'll know about it. Understand? Huh?

Another face full of cement. The Wife watches with apprehension from the steps as Bud cuffs her husband to a porch support.

BUD *
You'll be out in a year. You * touch her again and I'm gonna * get you violated on a kiddie * raper beef. You know what they * do to kiddie rapers up in * Quentin? Huh? *

Bud empties Beefy's pockets. A cash roll and car keys. * Bud looks over at her.

BUD
You got someplace you can go?

She nods. Bud hands her the keys and the cash.

BUD
Go get yourself fixed up.

WIFE
(nods; determined)
Merry Christmas, huh?

Bud watches as she gets into a pre-war Ford in the drive. She backs over a blinking reindeer as she goes.

STENSLAND
Let's go, Bud. The boys will be waiting.

18 INT. STAGE 4 - VARIETY INTERNATIONAL PICTURES - NIGHT 18

The "Badge of Honor" set. A Christmas party in full swing. Eating, drinking and dancing. Star BRETT CHASE, seen earlier on television, is holding court.

Out on the dance floor, we meet the City of Angels' free-wheeling, big time "Big V," celebrity crime stopper LAPD Sgt. JACK VINCENNES, 38.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 18

Possessed of slick good looks and a snappy wardrobe, Jack dances with a young ACTRESS. Grinding their way through a ballad, they're obviously hitting it off. *

ACTRESS
What exactly do you do on the show, Jack?

JACK
Technical advisor. I teach Brett Chase how to walk and talk like a cop.

The Actress looks over, watches Chase a beat. She looks back at Jack, smiles. *

ACTRESS
Brett Chase doesn't walk and talk like you. *

JACK
Television version. The American public isn't ready for me. *

ACTRESS
Is it true you're the one who arrested Bob Mitchum?
(grinds closer)
These 'Badge of Honor' guys like to pretend, but being the real thing must be a thrill.

JACK
Let's go someplace quiet. I'll give you the low-down on Mitchum.

ACTRESS
You got your handcuffs with you?

JACK
Two sets.

ACTRESS
I'll get my coat.

They're interrupted by Sid Hudgeons.

HUDGEONS
Big V Jack Vincennes! May I have this dance?

JACK
Karen, this is Sid Hudgeons from Hush-Hush magazine.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2) 18

HUDGEONS *
Helloooo, Karen. *

ACTRESS
Hello, yourself. *

The Actress storms off. Jack looks to Sid.

HUDGEONS
We did a piece last year. "Ingenue Dykes In Hollywood." Her name got mentioned.

JACK
Is it true? *

HUDGEONS
Just the facts, man. Look, Jackie-Boy, * a friend of mine just sold some reefer to Matt Reynolds. He's tripping the light fantastic with Tammy Jordan at 2245 Maravilla, just up from the El Cortez.

JACK
You lost me, Sid. Who?

HUDGEONS
Contract players at Metro. You pinch 'em. I do you up feature in the next issue. Plus the usual fifty cash. Tell me, am I fucking Kris Kringle?

JACK
I need an extra fifty. Two patrolmen at twenty apiece and a dime for the watch commander at Hollywood Station.

HUDGEONS
Jack! It's Christmas!

JACK
No. It's felony possession of marijuana.

HUDGEONS *
Actually, it's circulation thirty- * six thousand and climbing. *

Jack starts out with Sid following. *

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (3) 18

HUDGEONS *
No telling where it's gonna go, *
Jackie-boy. Radio, television. *
You whet the public's appetite *
for the truth and the sky's the *
limit. *

19 INT. HOLLYWOOD STATION - DISPATCH DESK - NIGHT 19

Sgt. ED EXLEY, 30, stands with an L.A. Herald Express REPORTER and PHOTOGRAPHER. They listen with other COPS as a police captain (DUDLEY SMITH) sings "Silver Bells."

Exley is an up-and-comer. A police department poster boy. Burning with ambition.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 19

The faster he rises through the ranks, the more resentment he leaves in his wake.

REPORTER
Sergeant Ed Exley, the son of the legendary Preston Exley. Must be a hard act to follow?

The Photographer snaps a picture.

REPORTER
Why not make a mark somewhere else? Why become a cop, Ed?

Exley answers with a politician's smile.

EXLEY
I like to help people.

REPORTER
We heard two officers were assaulted this evening. What do you think about that?

EXLEY
It goes with the job. But I took the report. Luckily they're okay.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Not what we heard.

REPORTER
Aren't you a little young to be watch commander?

EXLEY
It's just for tonight. I'm single and the married men have Christmas Eve off.

REPORTER
That's a good lead for the story.

They turn to watch Dudley finish. Fifty, handsome in his police captain's uniform, Dudley sings in a beautiful low tenor. Tough, respected, he's a department power to be reckoned with. Dudley finishes to applause, joins Exley.

REPORTER
Captain Smith, I --

DUDLEY
Drop the formalities; it's Christmas Eve. Call me Dudley.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2) 19

REPORTER
Dudley, I came up with a title for the story. I'm calling it 'Silent Night with the L.A.P.D.'

DUDLEY
Excellent. How's this?
(dramatic pause)
The sanctity of the night is an invitation to the darker criminal element. Our vigilance will not be diminished.

As the Reporter scribbles down the quote...

DUDLEY
Remember, that's Smith with an S.

The Reporters laugh. Dudley looks to Exley. They need to talk. *

20 INT. HOLLYWOOD STATION - STAIR LANDING - NIGHT 20 *

TWO COPS walk down a passageway. One carries a tray of glasses, the other: a sloshing bowl of EGGNOG. *

COP ONE
You hear about Brown and Helenowski? They were off-duty. Got the shit kicked out of them at some bar.

At the foot of the stairs, they encounter Dudley and Exley. As the Cops continue around them: *

DUDLEY
Hang on, lads.

Dudley grabs two glasses, dips them into the nog. As the Cops go up the stairs, Dudley hands a glass to Exley. *

DUDLEY
(a toast) *
To the memory of your father.

They drink. Exley invokes his father's favorite toast.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (A1) 20

EXLEY
To the solving of crimes that require absolute justice.

Exley raises his glass, but Dudley just watches him.

DUDLEY
That was his favorite toast.
(a beat)
I saw the test results on the lieutenant's exam. You placed first out of twenty-three.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 20

EXLEY
The youngest applicant by eight years.

DUDLEY
You'll make lieutenant inside a year. Patrol division? Internal affairs? *

EXLEY
I was thinking Detective Bureau.

Dudley doesn't approve. He waits as a few more cops make their way down the stairs and into the muster room.

DUDLEY
You don't have the eye for human weakness to be a good detective. Or the stomach. You're a political animal, Edmund.

The criticism stings, but Dudley's a straight shooter.

EXLEY
You're wrong.

DUDLEY
Am I? Would you be willing to plant corroborative evidence on a suspect you knew was guilty in order to ensure an indictment?

EXLEY
Dudley, we're been over this.

DUDLEY
Yes or no, Edmund.

EXLEY
I... no.

DUDLEY
Would you be willing to beat confessions out of suspects you knew to be guilty?

EXLEY
No.

DUDLEY
Would you be willing to shoot hardened criminals in the back to offset the chance --

EXLEY
No.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2) 20

DUDLEY
Then for God's sake, don't be a detective. Stick to assignments where you won't have to make those choices. Patrol, Internal Affairs, but not the Bureau.

EXLEY
I know you mean well, Dudley, but I don't need to do it the way you did. Or my father.

DUDLEY
We'll see. Well, I've got to get the press downtown to the Chief's office. *
(a beat) *
At least get rid of the glasses. I can't think of one Bureau man who wears them. *

As Dudley goes back inside, Exley adjusts his glasses.

21 EXT. NICK'S LIQUOR (HOLLYWOOD NEIGHBORHOOD) - NIGHT 21

The street crisscrossed with garish Christmas decorations. It almost looks festive as Bud White's Packard pulls up.

22 INT. NICK'S LIQUOR - NIGHT 22

Tinsel-trimmed photos of movie stars look down from the walls as the OWNER loads a case of liquor for Bud who waits across the counter. The Owner grumbles to himself, obviously supplying the stuff for free.

OWNER
I ever get held up, you guys better be here.

Bud looks across as LYNN BRACKEN enters. Her hair kerchiefed, there's glamour, a cat-girl grace about Lynn. Like she belongs up on the wall with the movie stars.

LYNN
Steve, I need a delivery. A case each of gin, Scotch, and rum. Everything top shelf. None of that watered down stuff you push on Errol Flynn.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: 22

OWNER
(manages a smile)
Sounds like a helluva party, Lynn.
I'll be right with you.

As the Owner continues loading the box, Lynn looks across at Bud. Bud doesn't look so tough for a moment. He says * the only thing he can think of.

BUD
Merry Christmas.

LYNN
Merry Christmas yourself, Officer.

BUD
That obvious, huh?

LYNN
(smiles sweetly)
It's practically stamped on your forehead.

As the Owner bangs the case of liquor on the counter...

23 EXT. NICK'S LIQUOR - NIGHT 23

Bud exits with his booze, heads for the car and the waiting Stensland. Something catches his eye. A LINCOLN CONTINENTAL in the driveway up ahead blocking the * sidewalk. A beautiful brunette is in the rear passenger * seat. SUSAN LEFFERTS. Both her eyes are black.

Bud sets the case down on his car, starts over. He * motions for her to roll down the window. The driver's side door opens and bodyguard LELAND "BUZZ" MEEKS menaces * his way out.

MEEKS
Get lost why don't you?

Meeks stops short as Bud shoves his badge in Meeks' face. Bud spins Meeks around, forces him over the hood, pats him down. He finds a .38 in a shoulder holster.

MEEKS
I got a license for that.

Bud removes Meeks' wallet, checks the ID.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 23

MEEKS
Cut me some slack. I used to be a cop.

BUD
Leland Meeks? Never heard of you.

MEEKS
They call me Buzz.

BUD
I don't give a rat's ass what they call you.

Bud raps on Susan's window with his badge. It comes down.

BUD
You okay?

Beside her, a man leans over. Pierce Patchett, seen before at the freeway unveiling, is a man used to being chauffeured. Like FDR, he smokes his cigarette in a holder.

PATCHETT
She's fine.

BUD
(menacing)
I'm not asking you.

Patchett has no idea he's walking on thin ice. As he stares impatiently at Bud, Bud looks back to Susan.

BUD
Somebody hit you?

LYNN
(from behind)
It's not what you think.

Bud looks to see Lynn Bracken approach from the liquor store.

BUD
What is it then?

SUSAN
You got the wrong idea, Mister. I'm fine.

Susan LAUGHS. Patchett eases back into the shadows.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (1A) 23

LYNN
(getting in car)
But it's nice to know you care.

Bud considers Meeks' gun license. He empties the .38 of shells, then hands it and the wallet back to Meeks.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2) 23

As Meeks gets back in the car, Stensland steps up. The Lincoln starts to pull away.

STENSLAND
What's going on?

For an odd moment, Stensland and Meeks lock eyes through the windshield.

BUD
You know him?

STENSLAND
Seen him around. He used to be a cop.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. 2245 MARAVILLA (HOLLYWOOD) - NIGHT 24

Just off the Boulevard with a view of the El Cortez. A klieg-lighted, limousine premiere is going on: WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE. Jack and two uniformed PATROLMEN wait on the side street. Hudgeons' assistant, CLIP, holds a portable arc light. Hudgeons creeps back over from the house. *
*

HUDGEONS
They're sitting in the dark, goofing on the Christmas tree.

JACK
You be there with your camera. *
I'll stop here so you get the movie premiere in the background. *

HUDGEONS
I like it! I like it!

JACK *
And, Sid, when I bring them out *
the door, I do not want that *
goddamned baby spot in my eyes. *

HUDGEONS *
Hear that, Clip? Consider it done, *
Jackie-boy. *

25 INT. 2245 MARAVILLA - NIGHT 25

Jack peers through the glass in the front door. The scene is romantic, almost sweet. *

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 25

Two gorgeous kids (MATT REYNOLDS & TAMMY JORDAN) necking in their BVDs by the glow of the Christmas tree. Suddenly, the arc light floods the living room, bleaching it white hot, and Jack kicks the door in. The room is caught flush: the terrified kids, a bag of weed on the couch between them. *

JACK
Police!

26 EXT. 2245 MARAVILLA - NIGHT 26

Jack exits, hauling Jordan and Reynolds by the neck, the blinding light in their faces. Sid bangs off photos. Jack stops with the movie premiere framed behind him and Hudgeons clicks off a last shot. *

HUDGEONS
Cut! Wrap it!

Windows light up. Rubberneckers appear. Jack hands the kids to the patrolmen. Hudgeons hands Clip the camera. *

HUDGEONS *
Clip! Get this in the soup! *

Jack heads back in with Hudgeons in tow. *

27 INT. 2245 MARAVILLA - NIGHT 27

Jack scoops the pot, flips through an address book. A card falls out. "Fleur-de-Lis. Whatever you desire..." Jack looks from the card out the window at the kids being loaded into a Black & White. They're both crying now.

HUDGEONS
(stentorian tone)
It's Christmas morning in the City of Angels, and while decent citizens sleep the sleep of the righteous, hopheads prowl for marijuana, not knowing that a man is coming to stop them. The free-wheeling big-time Big V, celebrity crimestopper Jack Vincennes, the scourge of grass- hoppers and junk fiends everywhere. You like it, Jackie-Boy?

JACK
Yeah, it's subtle.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 27

Sid hands him a President Grant 50.

HUDGEONS
Remember readers: you heard it first here, off the record, on the QT and very Hush-Hush.

27A EXT. HOLLYWOOD STATION - SIDE ENTRANCE - NIGHT 27A

Bud's Packard is parked by a door through which Bud and Stensland hustle cases of liquor. Stensland hands a case to a COP waiting in the doorway.

COP
What took you guys?

(CONTINUED)

27A CONTINUED: 27A

STENSLAND
My partner's priorities are all screwed up. He stopped to make an arrest.

They laugh. Bud doesn't.

28 INT. HOLLYWOOD STATION - DISPATCH DESK - NIGHT 28

Exley's at the desk shuffling paper.

The big double doors open and Jack arrives followed by the two patrolmen with Matt Reynolds and Tammy Jordan in tow. Jack, who regularly works out of the detective bureau at City Hall, is practically a movie star to the station house cops. They greet him with "Hey, Jack!," "Big V!," "To what do we owe this honor?!"

JACK
Just keeping the streets safe, boys!
(to Patrolmen)
Book them.

As the Patrolmen hustle the kids off, Jack steps over to Exley, drops a ten dollar bill on the desk.

EXLEY
What's that for, Vincennes?

JACK
You're watch commander tonight, aren't you?

EXLEY
Yeah. So?

JACK
A gratuity from Hush-Hush magazine. Get yourself a new pair of loafers.

Exley slides the ten to the edge of the desk.

EXLEY
Keep your payoff. I'm not interested.

Jack's about to respond when turmoil pushes in through the big double doors. Six handcuffed MEXICAN SUSPECTS hustled in by a DOZEN COPS. Everyone shouting and shoving. Exley steps forward, intercepts a YOUNG OFFICER.

EXLEY
What the hell's this?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 28

YOUNG OFFICER
Six spics, er, Mexicans, Sir. The ones who assaulted Brown and Helenowski.

JACK
I heard Helenowski lost six pints of blood. And Brown's in a coma.

EXLEY
I took the report. They're home with bruises and muscle pulls. Let's get these men booked and into the lock-up.

No one listens. As word of the arrival of the suspects spreads...

28A INT. SQUAD ROOM (HOLLYWOOD STATION) - NIGHT 28A

All alone, Bud types his report with one finger. Dogged, he gets the job done.

29 INT. UPSTAIRS MUSTER ROOM (HOLLYWOOD STATION) - NIGHT 29

An impromptu bar has been set-up. The party is in full swing, the floor packed with NIGHTWATCH BLUES. A phonograph spews dirty Christmas carols. The liquor is flowing. Stensland, half in the bag, pours Old Crow into the water cooler. The cops around him talk.

INTOXICATED COP
Hear what those taco benders did to Helenowski and Brown? Helenowski lost an eye and they're reading Brown his last rites.

STENSLAND
We ought to teach Paco and his friends a lesson.

More cops voice their agreement. Bottles are passed.

30 INT. DISPATCH DESK (HOLLYWOOD STATION) - NIGHT 30

The Mexicans are escorted through the door toward the lock-up. A group of cops move to follow. Exley gets in front of them.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 30

EXLEY
Alright, men. Back to work.
Break this up.

But Exley's having trouble holding them back. There's fear in his eyes; the situation's threatening to get out of control.

Coming down the stairs from the muster room, Stensland eyes Exley with disdain. To the cops who follow him:

STENSLAND
Fucking Exley. Guy couldn't stop milk from going bad.

Stensland leads the cops along the wall past Exley. An end around.

30A INT. FRONT DOORS (HOLLYWOOD STATION) - NIGHT 30A

The Reporter and Photographer are returning.

REPORTER
I know it's Christmas Eve. I just want to ask the guy a few more questions. *

They stop short to watch as the Cops push past Exley.

31 INT. CELL BLOCK (HOLLYWOOD STATION) - NIGHT 31

Stensland in the lead. Pulling out a BLACKJACK, he charges the cell where the Mexicans are being locked up.

STENSLAND
For ours, Pancho. And you're getting off easy.

He begins wailing on one of them -- DINARDO. Cheered on by DRUNKS in the tank and his fellow officers, Stensland goes wild. He's joined by LENTZ, CRUMLEY and TRISTANO. Shaking his head, Jack Vincennes moves away.

32 INT. SQUAD ROOM (HOLLYWOOD STATION) - NIGHT 32

As Bud signs his REPORT, Jack looks in.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 32

JACK
White, you better get a leash on your partner before he kills someone.

33 INT. CELL BLOCK (HOLLYWOOD STATION) - NIGHT 33

Followed by Jack, Bud forces his way through the crowd. The men who see it's him quickly clear a path.

Swigging from a pint of gin, Stensland works skinny GARCIA. Head saps. The kid drops to his knees drooling blood.

Bud hauls Stensland off. Drunk, Stensland stumbles. Nose to nose, Bud tries to get through to him. *

BUD *
Dick... *

Bud's focused on Stensland as Garcia looks up at Bud. *

GARCIA
Fuck you, pendejo.

BUD
Yeah, yeah...

GARCIA
And fuck your mother, too.

Bud sees red, hauls Garcia up by the neck. There are CHEERS, "Attaboys" and "Holy Fucks" as Bud slams him high into the bars.

EXLEY
(arriving)
Stop, Officer! That's an order!

Cops block Exley's way. Bud looks over; this is turning into a disaster. Garcia takes an off balance shot, which Bud responds to by shoving him aside.

Garcia stumbles out of the cell, smack into Jack. Jack looks down aghast at blood on his cashmere blazer, then puts Garcia down with a left-right.

The flood gates are open. The drunks in the tank cheer as other cops start hitting and the Mexicans fight back. * Police riot in the cellblock. *

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 33

Exley pulls a pad of paper and pen from his pocket. As he starts taking names, Lentz and Crumley shove him off balance into...

34 INT. THE HALL 34

And into a STORE ROOM. Crumley slams the door tight. Exley is locked in. We hear him pounding.

EXLEY'S VOICE
Let me out! That's an order!

34A INT. STORE ROOM (HOLLYWOOD STATION) - NIGHT 34A

Exley moves to the small wire-mesh window that looks into the cell block and the on-going melee. He pounds on the glass and yells.

35 INT. CELL BLOCK (HOLLYWOOD STATION) - NIGHT 35

One of the cops near the window hears the pounding and turns to see Exley's face through the glass. Exley's voice is drowned out, but his lips read: Let me out! The cop considers, then leans his back against the window, cutting off Exley's view.

The Herald Reporter and Photographer enter unchaperoned and unnoticed. Stensland swings like a madman. That's when a FLASHBULB goes off. Freezing everyone in black & white.

DISSOLVE TO:

36 ESTABLISHING SHOT OF CITY HALL - DAY 36 *

37 INT. CITY HALL DET. BUREAU - THE CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY 37

THE CHIEF sits behind a desk in a four-star uniform. Dudley Smith sits to his left, D.A. Ellis Loew to his right. Seen earlier at the Mickey Cohen press conference, Loew is the only civilian. Bud White stands across from them. There to be judged. The Chief holds up a newspaper with Stensland's photo. The headline: BLOODY CHRISTMAS.

THE CHIEF
Bloody Christmas. The press love to label.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: 37

THE CHIEF (CONT'D)
Officer White, you should know this is bigger than a police board. The grand jury is convening. Indictments may be handed down. Will you testify?

BUD
No, Sir. I won't.

The Chief sighs looks to Loew.

THE CHIEF
District Attorney Loew.

LOEW
You and Officer Stensland brought the liquor into the station. Stensland was already drunk. Do you see how appearing as a voluntary witness against him could offset the damage you've done to yourself?

BUD
I won't testify against my partner, or anyone else.

LOEW
This man is a disgrace.

THE CHIEF
Your badge and gun, Officer.

Bud sets them on The Chief's desk.

THE CHIEF
This is the new LAPD, White. The public won't tolerate men like yourself. You're relieved of duty pending termination. Dismissed. * *

Stone-faced, Bud White turns and marches out. Dudley Smith watches after him with approval.

38 INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - HALLWAY - DAY 38

Exley approaches Bud coming the other way. Bud stops to glare, but Exley passes like he doesn't even see him.

39 INT. THE CHIEF'S OFFICE (CITY HALL DET. BUREAU) - DAY 39

Dudley, Loew and The Chief wait as Exley enters.

THE CHIEF
Ed, we need police witnesses to offset the damage done to the department. I'm asking if --

EXLEY
The public demands justice, Sir. Of course I'll testify.

The Chief and Loew exchange a look of relief.

THE CHIEF
I'm glad you feel that way, Edmund. Most of the men don't.

EXLEY
White? The others? They think silence and integrity are the same thing. May I make a suggestion, sir?

THE CHIEF
By all means.

EXLEY
Shift the guilt to men whose pensions are secured. Force them to retire. But someone has to swing. Indict, try and convict Stensland and Bud White. Secure them jail time. Feed them to the sharks, sir. Protect yourself; protect the Department.

The Chief and Loew exchange a second look. Not bad... Dudley glares at Exley.

DUDLEY
Stensland's a disgrace. Straight D fitness reports from every C.O. he ever served under. But Bud White is a valuable officer.

EXLEY
White's a mindless thug.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: 39

DUDLEY
No, Edmund. He's a man who can answer yes to those questions I ask you from time to time.

The Chief interrupts with his own concern.

THE CHIEF
The department and the public need role models. Clean cut, forthright men the public can admire.
(a beat; to Exley)
Sergeant, I'll promote you. To lieutenant. Immediately.

Exley seizes the moment, going over Dudley's head.

EXLEY
Detective lieutenant.

The Chief and Dudley exchange a look. Neither approve.

THE CHIEF
Ed, you're 30. Your father didn't make lieutenant until he was 33.

EXLEY
I know that, sir. I also know that when he made lieutenant, it was as a detective.

LOEW
(interrupting)
Before we start polishing our laurels, it would look better if we had a corroborative witness.

DUDLEY
That'll be hard to come by. The men hate a turncoat.

EXLEY
Jack Vincennes. He hit one of the suspects. And he saw the whole thing.

DUDLEY
A veteran like Vincennes might admit his own culpability, but he would never inform.

The Chief is on the verge of agreeing when Exley jumps in.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2) 39

EXLEY
Jack's the technical advisor on Badge of Honor.' He lives for it. That's the way to get him.

THE CHIEF
(into desk intercom)
Call Sergeant Vincennes.
(to Exley)
I'd like you to observe, Ed.

The Chief gestures toward a gray mirror on the wall. A two-way. Exley nods. As he starts out, Dudley pulls him aside, speaks low.

DUDLEY
You'll reap the benefits, but are you truly prepared to be despised within the department?

EXLEY
Yes, Dudley. I am.

DUDLEY
So be it.

40 INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - NARCO PEN - DAY 40 *

Looking sharp, Jack waits at his desk. A corkboard on the wall is posted with PRESS CLIPPINGS. "Dope Crusader Wounded in Shootout." "Actor Mitchum Seized in Marijuana Shack Raid." That one includes a shot of Jack ushering Mitchum into jail. As his phone rings... * * * * *

41 INT. THE CHIEF'S OFFICE (CITY HALL DET. BUREAU) - DAY 41

Round three. Centered on Jack. Exley is gone.

DUDLEY
Sergeant, we'll get right to it. Nine civilian witnesses have identified you as hitting Ezekiel Garcia.

LOEW
But my office has a stellar witness who will tell the grand jury that you hit back only after being hit.

JACK
And?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: 41

LOEW
You'll testify against three officers who have already earned their pensions. Our key witness will testify roundly, but you can plead ignorance to questions directed at the other men.

JACK
No thanks. I'm not a snitch.

THE CHIEF
I'll guarantee you a slap on the wrist. A brief suspension followed by a temporary transfer from Narcotics to Ad Vice.
(a beat)
When you transfer out of Vice, you'll be back on the show.

JACK
(swallows)
The show, sir?

THE CHIEF
Badge of Honor,' Vincennes. We need to tone down your profile for a bit.

The Chief just got Jack where he lives.

DUDLEY
John, I doubt you've ever drawn a stupid breath. Don't start now.

JACK
Okay. I'll do it.

Smiles all around. Loew smiles at the two-way. A move not lost on Jack who wonders who might be on the other side.

THE CHIEF
Dismissed, Vincennes.

Jack leaves. The Chief steps to the mirror, looks through.

THE CHIEF
So be it. <u>Detective</u> lieutenant.

42 OTHER SIDE OF THE GLASS 42

Exley clenches his fist in victory. The Chief continues.

THE CHIEF
Ace them at the grand jury tomorrow, son. Wear a smart-looking suit and ace them. And Ed? Lose the glasses.

43 INT. COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY OUTSIDE GRAND JURY ROOM - DAY 43 *

Glasses off, Exley waits, sitting on a long bench. He looks up as Jack approaches. People pass beyond them.

JACK
You're the key witness?

EXLEY
That's right.

Jack smiles, amused. *

JACK
I should've known. What's the Chief throwing you?

EXLEY
Throwing me?

JACK
Yeah, Exley. What's the payoff?

EXLEY
You're the payoff expert. I'm just doing my duty.

JACK
You're playing an angle, college boy. You're getting something out of this so you won't have to hobnob with the fucking rank and file cops who'll hate your guts for snitching. What is it, downtown with the big boys, huh? If they're making you a detective, watch out. Some Bureau guys are gonna burn in this and you're gonna have to work with friends of theirs.

EXLEY
What about you?

JACK
I'm snitching three old timers who'll be fishing in Oregon next week. Next to you I'm clean. And smart.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: 43

At that, a GUARD steps in from a nearby room.

GUARD
Edmund J. Exley to chambers.

As Exley's about to go...

JACK
Just remember, Bud White'll fuck you for this if it takes the rest of his life.

44 INT. THE TWILIGHT LOUNGE - NIGHT 44

An OLD BLACK GUY in a frayed, threadbare tux plays piano. Bud, nursing a highball at the bar, steps over to a REDHEAD with too much makeup on too many miles.

BUD
That an old fashioned you're drinking?
(she nods)
My name's Bud.

REDHEAD
Nobody was born with the name Bud.

Bud considers a beat before revealing the truth. *

BUD
Wendell. *

REDHEAD
What do you do, Bud? *

BUD
I'm sorta between jobs. Look, what do you say we, uh...

A hand on Bud's shoulder. He turns to see Dudley Smith.

DUDLEY
Lad, may I have a word with you?

BUD
This business, Captain?

DUDLEY
Say goodnight to your friend and join me by those back tables.

Dudley starts off. Bud turns back to the Redhead, but she's already talking to a sailor.

45 INT. BOOTH (THE TWILIGHT LOUNGE) - NIGHT 45

Dudley sits at a table. A NEWSPAPER is opened, a little mound underneath. Bud joins Dudley.

BUD
Does that paper say we've been indicted? *

Dudley shakes his head. *

BUD *
Does it say Exley's a hero for squealing me and Stensland off?

DUDLEY
He made his play and he got what he wanted. They're making him a detective lieutenant.

BUD
Captain, what do you want?

DUDLEY
Call me Dudley.

BUD
Dudley, what do you want?

DUDLEY
Lad, I admire your refusal to testify and your loyalty to your partner. I admire you as a policeman, particularly your adherence to violence as a necessary adjunct to the job. And I am most impressed with your punishment of woman beaters. Do you hate them, Wendell? *

BUD
Yeah, I hate them.

DUDLEY
And for good reason judging from what I know of your own dear mother.

BUD
What do you want?

DUDLEY
Wendell, I want you to come to work for me.

BUD
Doing what? Mowing your fucking lawn?

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 45

Smith yanks the newspaper revealing Bud's BADGE & .38 SPECIAL. Bud can't believe his eyes.

DUDLEY
They're yours. Take them.

BUD
I knew you had juice, but, there's no goddamn bill on me? *

DUDLEY
Four of the defendants recanted their testimony.

Bud just stares at Dudley who shrugs, smiles like the cat who ate the canary. Bud takes his gun and badge. * *

BUD
What about Stensland?

DUDLEY
Your partner's through. Department scapegoat on the Chief's orders. He's been billed, he'll be indicted and he'll swing.

BUD
Fucking Exley. *

DUDLEY
Don't underestimate Exley or his skills. As a politician he exceeds even myself. The department needs smart men like Exley and direct men like yourself. I need you for an assignment the Chief's given me the go-ahead on. A duty few men are fit for, but you were born for. You'll be working out of Homicide at City Hall. *

BUD
(excited)
Homicide? Working cases?

DUDLEY
Your talents lie elsewhere, Wendell. It's a muscle job. You'll do what I say and not ask questions. Do you follow my drift?

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2) 45

BUD
(disappointed)
In Technicolor.

A beat. Dudley's satisfied. Then...

DUDLEY
Do you know the Victory Motel, lad?

DISSOLVE TO:

45A EXT. 1648 N. OGDEN ST. (HOLLYWOOD) - NIGHT 45A

Laughing, two MEN in flashy suits exit a house and cross the lawn to an OLDS 98 parked at the curb. They climb into the front seat. The driver rolls down his window and flicks the stub of his cigar into the palm-lined street. He turns the key and the RADIO comes on (pop song "Stranger in Paradise"). SHOTS RING OUT, a cross-fire coming from two directions. The driver is hit through the open window, and the passenger takes head hits through the windshield.

ANOTHER ANGLE -- Only this one a still. Pull back to reveal the photo is on the front page of the Los Angeles Herald. The headline reads: MICKEY COHEN ASSOCIATES SLAIN IN HOLLYWOOD.

DISSOLVE TO:

L.A. MONTAGE - As "Stranger In Paradise" continues.

45B EXT. FREEWAY GROUND BREAKING - DAY 45B

Pierce Patchett is among the distinguished guests. The Mayor is poised with a gold shovel. *

THE MAYOR *
No stop signs. No traffic lights. *
From downtown to the beach in *
twenty minutes. *

As the Mayor scrapes at the ground... *

46 EXT. THE VICTORY MOTEL - DAWN 46

Set in the no man's land of the Baldwin Hills oil field. A broken neon sign features an oversized V, but nobody's triumphed here in years. Abandoned, but for a pair of LAPD cars, a light burning in room 5 and the sound of someone screaming.

47 INT. THE VICTORY MOTEL - ROOM 5 - DAWN 47

Spartan. A table and chair BOLTED to the floor. A tough FLATNOSED GANGSTER is cuffed to the hot seat.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: 47

On the table are a .45 and a fat roll of $100 bills. The studs are bare on one wall giving us a view of the adjacent room 6. *

Strong-armed cops, BREUNING and CARLISLE, watch as Bud White delivers a series of short, stiff body shots. Flatnose is not used to being on the receiving end.

Dudley steps up behind Flatnose, makes himself heard.

DUDLEY
With Mickey Cohen in prison, Los Angeles is organized crime free. The Chief intends it to stay that way. You're an organized crime associate in need of reeducation in the ways of polite society.

Flatnose babbles. Snitch-frenzied.

FLATNOSE
I know things. I hear things. Like these two man shooter teams, bang-bang, they're 86-ing Mickey Cohen's lieutenants. Or, or -- You want a prostie roust? Huh? Some narco action?
(breaking down)
What do you want?!

DUDLEY
We want you to go home.

Dudley looks to Bud who applies more persuasion. Flatnose screams and we sense Bud's heart really isn't in this.

48 EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE - NIGHT 48

FRANK SINATRA at the premiere of "From Here To Eternity."

49 INT. KLUB ZAMBOANGA - NIGHT 49

CHARLIE "BIRD" PARKER makes magic before an appreciative, mostly black crowd.

50 & 51 OMITTED 50 & 51

52 PRINTING PRESS 52

The latest issue of Hush-Hush flies through. On the cover: Gail Russell Caught in Love Nest. Nympho or No?

53 INT. LADERA HEIGHTS HOUSE - NIGHT 53

Deuce Perkins (the Mickey Cohen narcotics lieutenant seen earlier) sits opposite another man in the spacious living room of a modern house. On the coffee table between them is 25 pounds of heroin. Perkins licks his pinkie and dips it into the white powder. Sensing something, he looks up.

His POV through plate window: on the other side of the lighted swimming pool, two dark figures are silhouetted against the lights of the city. There are two FLASHES of LIGHT, and holes appear in the plate window.

The man opposite Deuce Perkins is shot in the head. Deuce starts to stand. Two more shots shatter the window and knock Deuce over the couch.

The heroin just sits there on the table.

54 EXT. MCNEIL PENITENTIARY - DAY 54

Grim-faced GUARDS scan the yard from machine-gunned towers.

55 INT. MCNEIL PENITENTIARY - VISITORS BOOTH - DAY 55

Mickey Cohen sits across from visitor Johnny Stompanato. Cohen is going off the handle.

COHEN
Still no leads on who clipped Deuce Perkins?!

Stompanato shrugs, embarrassed.

COHEN
Who's moving in on my rackets, Johnny?

STOMPANATO
Nobody'd have the balls to move in on you, Mick.

COHEN
All I know is, Deuce didn't shoot himself. And what's the word on my merchandise?

STOMPANATO
Nothing. Not a peep.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: 56

VICE CAPTAIN
Maybe you should have thought of that before Bloody Christmas. Make a major case, Sergeant. It's the only way you're getting out of here.

Exaggerated "oohs" and ahhs" from the men.

VICE CAPTAIN
Dismissed, gentlemen.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: 55

COHEN *
Keep your ears open. You don't sell twenty-five pounds of heroin at Woolworth's. When they try to move it, there'll be plenty of peeps.

Stompanato nods. As "Stranger in Paradise" ends, so does the montage.

55A ESTABLISHING SHOT OF CITY HALL - DAY 55A

The tallest building in the skyline, the seat of power.

56 INT. CITY HALL DET. BUREAU - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY 56

Addressing the squad, a no-nonsense VICE CAPTAIN picks up a stack of magazines.

VICE CAPTAIN
Picture-book smut, gentlemen. There's been a bunch of it found at collateral crime scenes lately. Quality ranges from piss poor to very well done.

As the Vice Captain hands it out for the men to examine, new member Jack Vincennes arrives late.

VICE CAPTAIN
Look who's back from suspension. We're honored, Sergeant Jack.

The men laugh. Jack sits. Passing up the mags, he opens a leather "artist's" PORTFOLIO. Porno art shots. Men and women. Men and men. Girls and girls. Girls and horses.

JACK
Gee. The Great Jerk-Off Caper of 1953.

VICE CAPTAIN
Vincennes, is there someplace you'd rather be?

JACK
Yeah, Cap. Back in Narcotics. Looking for Mickey Cohen's missing H.

VICE CAPTAIN
Yeah, finding twenty-five pounds of heroin would get you plenty of ink. Anyplace else?

JACK
Working whores with squad two.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (2) 56

As they go, Jack sees the portfolio is embossed on the back with an elegant rendition of a Fleur-de-lis. Jack takes the matching business card from his wallet, the one he found on Christmas Eve: Fleur-de-Lis. Whatever you desire.

VICE CAPTAIN
Roll, Vincennes. No sidetracks. This is Ad Vice, not Narco.

57 INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - AD VICE PEN - DAY 57

Jack's new desk, no place to hang his clippings which sit in a box alongside the portfolio. Jack sits holding the Fleur-de-Lis card. He dials the number. As it rings, he leans a framed "Badge of Honor" photo up against his in/out box: Jack and Brett Chase, before a banner that reads, To Protect and Serve.

WOMAN'S VOICE
(over phone; like silk)
Whatever you desire.

JACK
Hi... I'd like to get a delivery to Beverly Hills.

WOMAN'S VOICE
I don't think I know you.

CLICK. The line goes dead. Jack redials.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Whatever you desire.

JACK
Look, a friend of mine gave me this number. I just --

The line goes dead again. Jack dials a new number.

OPERATOR'S VOICE
Pacific Coast Bell. Police line.

JACK
This is Sgt. John Vincennes. Requesting a name and address from the reverse directory. Crestview 2-2-3-9. *
*

OPERATOR'S VOICE
Please hold... No such number is assigned.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: 57

JACK
I just called it.

OPERATOR'S VOICE
No, Sergeant. I checked twice.

JACK
(realizes; hangs up)
A bootleg... Shit.

Jack dials another number. *

57A INT. HUSH-HUSH MAGAZINE OFFICE - DAY 57A *

Newspaper "page ones" stare down from the walls. Sid Hudgeons sits behind his desk, answers the phone. *

HUDGEONS *
Hush-Hush. Off the record and on the QT. *

JACK'S VOICE *
Sid, it's Vincennes. *

HUDGEONS *
Jackie, are you back on Narco? I need copy. *

INTERCUT WITH JACK AT HIS DESK: *

JACK *
No. But I've got something going with Ad Vice. *

HUDGEONS *
Something good for the Sidster? *

JACK *
Maybe. I'm chasing some porn. Kinky fuck shots, but the posers don't look like junkies. It's well done. Arty. I thought you might have heard something. *

Hudgeons pulls out a portfolio like the one Jack has. *

HUDGEONS *
Not a word. Smut's from hunger, Big V. For sad sacks who can't get their ashes hauled. *

JACK *
What about Fleur-de-Lis? Slogan's 'Whatever you desire.' *

(CONTINUED)

57A CONTINUED: 57A

HUDGEONS
No, I've heard bupkis. Get me some Narco skinny. I want to put out an all hop-head issue. Shvartze jazz musicians and movie stars. Maybe tie it to the Rosenbergs. You like?

JACK
I'll talk to you later, Sid.

Jack hangs up. A dead end. Jack tosses the portfolio into a drawer. As it slides shut, the last thing we see is the embossed Fleur-de-Lis.

58 thru 61 OMITTED 58 thru 61

61A INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - HALLWAY - DUSK 61A

Bud cools his heels, waiting outside a door beneath the sign: Internal Affairs.

A61B INT. CITY HALL DET. BUREAU - INTERNAL AFFAIRS - DUSK A61B

Dick Stensland turns in his badge and gun to an INTERNAL AFFAIRS DETECTIVE.

B61B OMITTED B61B

61B EXT. CITY HALL - PARKING GARAGE - TWILIGHT 61B

Exley drives, turns into the PARKING GARAGE. His two-way drones:

DISPATCHER'S VOICE
Park Rangers report three Negro youths discharging shotguns into the air in Griffith Park.
Suspects are driving a late model maroon Mercury coupe.

61C OMITTED 61C

61D INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - HALLWAY - DUSK 61D

Stensland joins Bud. Well-wishing COPS pat Stensland on the back, offer words of encouragement.

(CONTINUED)

61D CONTINUED: 61D

Exley appears from the other end of the hall carrying a box of stuff. It should be his big moment. But the same cops wishing Stensland well, stare daggers at Exley. *

Acting on impulse, Stensland goes for Exley. Bud grabs Stensland, holds him back. *

BUD
It's not worth it, Stens.

Stensland relents, his struggles easing. Bud looks at Exley contemptuously.

BUD
Sorry about that, lieutenant. *

The last door is Homicide. Exley continues, enters... *

A61E OMITTED A61E *

B61E INT. THE SQUAD ROOM B61E

No greetings, just dirty looks. One cop whispers something to another. The second cop looks at Exley, laughs. And as Exley searches for his desk...

61E INT. CITY HALL - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT 61E

Stensland and Bud reach Stensland's car.

STENSLAND
Fucking punk Exley.

BUD
He'll get his. Count on it.

A beat. Stensland finally shrugs, opens the driver door.

STENSLAND
Stay out of trouble, Bud.

BUD
I got a couple of hours before I have to be at the Victory. Want to grab a beer?

STENSLAND
Rain check me, partner. I got a hot date tonight.

(CONTINUED)

61F CONTINUED: 61F

EXLEY
I got it. It's mine.

Exley stands so fast he bangs his knee getting up.

62 EXT. THE NITE OWL (HOLLYWOOD & CHEROKEE) - NIGHT 62

Patrol cars. Blues setting up a crime scene blockade. Exley pulls up, douses his siren. PATROLMAN ONE runs over.

PATROLMAN ONE
At least one person dead. I stopped for coffee --

(CONTINUED)

61E CONTINUED: 61E

BUD
Is that why you've been so scarce lately? What's her name?

STENSLAND
(smiles)
It's confidential. Like that magazine Vincennes scams for. Hush-Hush. Tomorrow night we'll do the town.
(winks)
On me.

Stensland gets in the car, drives off. Bud is left alone.

61F INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT 61F

Exley sits by himself in a sea of desks, his box of stuff unpacked. The SQUAWK BOX drones. He watches, listens as: *

DETECTIVE #1'S VOICE *
See you tomorrow, Earl. *

DETECTIVE #2'S VOICE *
Wait, I'll walk out with you. *

Detective #2 pulls the last page of a report from a typewriter, joins Detective #1 who's leaving. Exley's ready to say good night, but they make a point never to look at him. They exit. Exley's alone. *

Exley squints at the CLOCK on the wall, can't make it out. He takes his glasses from the inside of his jacket. 2:00 AM. He checks his watch. Finally, something to do. He walks to the wall clock, adjusts it two minutes.

As Exley sits, the SQUAWK BOX booms to life.

VOICE
Anybody up there in homicide?

Exley activates the lever on the squawk box.

EXLEY
Lieutenant Exley.

VOICE
You've got a homicide in Hollywood Division. Might be a multiple. One-eight-one-two-four Cherokee. The Nite Owl Coffee Shop.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: 62

EXLEY
No one comes through the front door. Got it?

Exley pushes him aside, heads for the door.

63 INT. THE NITE OWL - NIGHT 63

Eerily quiet. Exley takes mental snapshots. Ten stools front a counter. The side wall mural-papered: winking owls perched on street signs. Behind the counter, a COOK * sprawled dead, a .38 still clutched in his hand. The * cash register is open and empty. On the left, a string * of tables. Three in disarray. Food spilled, dishes broken. A splatter of blood on the wall. A high heel pump by an upended chair.

A pair of heel drag marks and a thin trail of blood across the linoleum floor heading toward the rear. Exley follows. Outside -- sirens. The trail leads out the * rear door into...

64 INT. BUILDING CORRIDOR - NIGHT 64

Exley follows the trail of blood across the corridor that bisects the whole building to a men's room door. He pushes it open.

65 INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT 65

Blood-soaked bodies on the cement floor. Four, maybe five * in a tangle. Dozens of shotgun shells float in the pools of blood. As Exley struggles to maintain his composure, we hear the echoing sound of running footsteps coming down the corridor from the side street entrance.

ROOKIE'S VOICE
Sir, there's a Captain outside wants to see you.

The Rookie looks into the men's room.

ROOKIE
Holy shit fuck...

EXLEY
Don't get sick! Not in here!

Exley shoves the Rookie, puking, down the hall.

66 EXT. THE NITE OWL - NIGHT 66

Patrolmen hold back a swarm of reporters and rubbernecks. Horns blast. Motorcycles run interference for meat wagons cut off by the crowd. As Ed emerges, Reporters surge, shout questions. Exley hurries past, finds Dudley in command and barking orders.

EXLEY
Sir, I took the call. It's my case.

DUDLEY
Edmund, you don't want it and you can't have it.

EXLEY
Yes, I do, Sir.

DUDLEY
It's mine. I'll make you my second in command.

Exley spots a PHOTOGRAPHER moving in. He looks properly serious as the flash bulb pops.

67 INT. THE NITE OWL - NIGHT 67

Forensics Chief RAY PINKER walks Exley and Dudley through.

PINKER
We got a total of forty-five spent 12-gauge Remington shotgun shells. Three men with five-shot-capacity pumps. All of them reloading twice.

EXLEY
Hold on... We need to canvass. See if a maroon Mercury was seen around here tonight. *

DUDLEY
Why?

EXLEY
We got a call earlier on three Negro youths. Firing shotguns in Griffith Park from a late model maroon Mercury coupe. *

DUDLEY
(to his ADJUTANT)
Get on it.

A FORENSICS COP approaches Pinker.

FORENSICS COP
We got an ID on one of the victims, sir... I think it's Dick Stensland.

Exley and Dudley react, look at each other.

68 EXT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAWN 68

The Packard pulls up. Bud exits, runs for the entrance.

69 INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - HALLWAY - DAWN 69

Six sheet covered bodies against the wall. Nite Owl victims. The CORONER lifts a corner of the sheet, gives an ORDERLY a peek of a WOMAN who we don't quite see.

CORONER
Call me crazy, but for a second I thought it was Rita Hayworth.

The Coroner follows as the Orderly wheels the corpse into an IDENTIFICATION ROOM.

70 INT. CLERICAL AREA (CORONER'S OFFICE) - DAWN 70

Exley stands with a few other COPS and CORONER ASSISTANTS sipping coffee. Exley turns as Bud strides past and disappears down the hall.

71 INT. HALLWAY (CORONER'S OFFICE) - DAWN 71

Bud goes to the gurneys. Rips back three sheets before he finds him. Dick Stensland. A tag on his toe and half his face blown off. Stunned, Bud just stares.

Exley watches from down the hall.

EXLEY
Hell of a way to avoid a prison sentence.

Bud looks back at Exley, trying to keep control. He squeezes out the words.

BUD
What happened?

EXLEY
Appears three men held up a coffee shop. Guy at the register pulled a .38. They killed him, and decided to kill everyone else. *

Then, from the identification room...

WOMAN'S VOICE
Not my baby! Not my little girl!

72 INT. IDENTIFICATION ROOM (CORONER'S OFFICE) - DAWN 72

HILDA LEFFERTS, 50, has joined the Coroner to ID the body of her daughter, Susan. There's stray buckshot in the upper chest and shoulders, but a sheet hides the real damage. It's the girl Bud saw outside Hollywood Liquor, except, instead of brunette, she's now a redhead. Without the black eyes, she does look like Rita Hayworth.

As Bud and Exley appear, Mrs. Lefferts looks confused.

CORONER
Is this your daughter, Mrs. Lefferts?

MRS. LEFFERTS
I -- I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: 72

EXLEY
We know this is difficult. Just take your time and look again.

Exley doesn't realize, but Bud recognizes the deceased.

MRS. LEFFERTS
It seems like my Susan, but my Susan's a brunette.

EXLEY
When was the last time you saw her, Mrs. Lefferts?

MRS. LEFFERTS
Just before Christmas. We had fought. *
I didn't like her boyfriend. I --
She has a birthmark on her hip.

The Coroner lifts the sheet. Mrs. Lefferts gasps.

MRS. LEFFERTS
It's her. My baby. Dear God...

As Mrs. Lefferts swoons, Bud and Exley both hold her up.

73 INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY 73

The room buzzes, jammed to the rafters with detectives * from every department standing ready. The Chief waits as * Dudley Smith takes the mike, holds up an L.A. Times headline.

DUDLEY
"Nite Owl Massacre." Hyperbole aside, this is a heinous crime that requires a swift resolution. The public will demand it and this department will provide it. Six victims. One of them, one of our own -- Dick Stensland.
(the cops react)
As it happens, he was a Nite Owl regular. In the wrong place at the wrong time.

Bud listens. Not so sure. Stensland said he had a date.

DUDLEY
Robbery looks like the motive.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: 73

DUDLEY (CONT'D)
We have rubber glove prints on the register and preliminary forensics strongly lean toward a trio of gunmen. We do have one hot lead, so listen well. Three Negro youths were seen last night discharging shotguns in the air at Griffith Park. A park ranger IDed them as driving a 1948 to 1950 Mercury coupe, maroon in color. * An hour ago a canvassing crew found a news vendor who saw a maroon Merc coupe parked across from the Nite Owl around 1:00 AM.

The room goes loud, a big rumbling. Dudley holds up a list.

DUDLEY
The DMV worked all night to get us a registration list on '48 to '50 maroon Mercs. There are 142 registered to Negroes in L.A. County. Fifty two-man teams will shake three names apiece. Hot suspects you'll bring here. Interrogation rooms have been set up. They'll be run by Lieutenant Edmund Exley.

Catcalls. Boos. Exley, cleaned up, looks like he's slept more than he has. The Chief steps to the mike.

THE CHIEF
Enough on that. Gentlemen, just go out and get them. Use all necessary force. The people of Los Angeles demand it.

The men exchange knowing looks. The real message: kill them clean. Exley doesn't approve. As the men hurry out...

EXLEY
He might as well have put a bounty on them.

74 INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - SQUAD ROOM - DAY 74

Detectives pairing up and moving out. Scanning his three name list, Bud is joined by his PARTNER for the day.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: 74

PARTNER
Ready to roll, White?

BUD
You take them. I got something I gotta do.

PARTNER
Christ, I don't know. What if one of these names...

Off a look from Bud, the Partner nods he'll do it. *
Bud heads off. *

75 EXLEY 75

Watches everyone go. Wishes he could be part of the action. He spots Jack talking to his REDNECK partner for the day.

76 JACK & REDNECK 76

Redneck chews tobacco, has a Texas drawl.

REDNECK
Where to, Big V?

JACK
If we go by the list, we have about zero chance of making the collar. But I know a guy who knows what's going on South of Jefferson. I'm betting he could put us at 50/50.

REDNECK
I don't know...

As Redneck thinks, Exley steps up. He's overheard.

EXLEY
I'll take those odds.
(to Redneck)
Take off. We got it from here.

Jack stares. Redneck shrugs, spits tobacco juice in a cup.

REDNECK
Between the two of you guys, you should bring along a photographer.

77 INT. NICK'S LIQUOR - DAY 77 *

Last time we saw the Owner was Christmas Eve. He looks up from a CUSTOMER as Bud strides in. *

BUD
I need an address on a customer of yours. Her name was Lynn.

OWNER
That's all I have to go on?

BUD
Yeah. And I think you already know who I mean, so cough it up.

OWNER
Lynn Bracken. There's a billing address and a delivery address.

BUD
Give me both. Billing first.

78 EXT. 416 DUNDEE DRIVE (LOS FELIZ) - DAY 78 *

Bud White gets out of his car in a cul-de-sac high above * the city. A sleek, modern architectural house spills down * the hill from a street level entrance. Approaching the * house, Bud hears a distinctive sound and looks over the * railing. On the lawn below, a tall, distinguished man * last seen outside Nick's Liquor on Christmas Eve, is * chipping golf balls. They land in a tight grouping. *

BUD'S VOICE
You must slay 'em at the Country Club.

Pierce Patchett turns and looks up. *

BUD
Are you Pierce Patchett?

PATCHETT
I am. Are you soliciting for police charities? The last time, you people called at my office.

Bud just stares at him, shakes his head. Patchett con- * siders, then, gesturing: *

PATCHETT *
Go down to the driveway. We'll * talk there. *

78A EXT. 416 DUNDEE DRIVE (PATCHETT'S) - DRIVEWAY - DAY 78A *

As Bud approaches from the street, the garage door slides up. Patchett steps out with his pitching wedge, cool as can be. *

PATCHETT *
What can I do for you? *

BUD
Where were you last night?

PATCHETT
I was here hosting a party.

BUD
Tell me about Richard Stensland.

PATCHETT
I don't know him. Mr...

BUD
Officer White. How about Susan Lefferts? You know her?

PATCHETT
(sighs; concedes)
You know I do. You saw me with her. How did you find me? * *

BUD
Nick's Liquor. This is where Lynn Bracken's booze bills go. *

PATCHETT
Of course...

BUD
Sue Lefferts died at the Nite Owl. I'm investigating.

PATCHETT
Officially? You don't seem like a homicide detective. *

Patchett studies Bud a beat, weighing his options. Patchett's BURLY BODYGUARD appears in the doorway at the other end of the garage. * *

BODYGUARD
Everything alright, Mr. Patchett?

PATCHETT
(waves him off)
Fine, Philip. Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

78A CONTINUED: 78A

BUD
Where's the other guy? Buzz.

PATCHETT
He no longer works for me..

BUD
Lefferts looked beat-up Christmas Eve, but didn't act it. How come?

PATCHETT
I think she'd been hit in the face with a tennis racket. She is -- was -- a big doubles fan.

BUD
You're a known associate of a woman killed in a mass murder. You wanna go downtown and discuss this officially?

PATCHETT
I read the newspaper account. A policeman was killed at the Nite Owl as well. This is personal with you, isn't it, Mr. White?

Bud doesn't answer, but the answer is yes.

PATCHETT
Do you care about criminal matters peripheral to Susan's murder?

BUD
No.

PATCHETT
Then you wouldn't feel obligated to report them?

BUD
That's right.

PATCHETT
Then listen closely, because I'll only say this once and if it gets repeated I'll deny it. I run call girls. Lynn Bracken is one of them and so was Susan Lefferts.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

78A CONTINUED: (2) 78A

PATCHETT (CONT'D)
I treat my girls very well. I have grown daughters myself and I don't like the thought of women being hurt. I sense you share this feeling.

BUD
(ignores comment)
Why were Lefferts' eyes black?

PATCHETT
I needed a Rita Hayworth to fill out my little studio.

BUD
What little studio?

PATCHETT
There's Gardner, Hepburn, Grable, Turner. Lynn Bracken is my Veronica Lake. I use girls who look like movie stars; sometimes I employ a plastic surgeon. When you saw us, the work had just been done.

BUD
That's why her mother couldn't ID her... Jesus fucking Christ.

PATCHETT
No, Mr. White. Pierce Morehouse Patchett. Now I sense you're on your best behavior, but that's all I'll give you. If you persist, I'll meet you with my attorney. Now would you like Miss Bracken's address? I doubt she knows anything, but --

BUD
I got her address.

PATCHETT
Find Susan's killer, Mr. White. I'll give you a handsome reward. Whatever you desire.

Patchett smiles enigmatically, turns and walks through the garage toward the house. Bud is still watching him as the garage door slides down. *

79 EXT. 1736 WILCOX, HOLLYWOOD (LYNN BRACKEN'S) - DAY 79

A discreet Spanish house at the end of the street adjacent to a golf course. A projector's flicker strobes against the closed curtains. We hear a phone ring. *

80 INT. 1736 WILCOX (LYNN BRACKEN'S) - DAY 80 *

The film is "This Gun for Hire" with Alan Ladd and Veronica Lake. It's projected on a screen hanging from a banister, flashing over Lynn Bracken and an OLDER GENTLEMAN in his underwear. Lynn's long blonde hair hangs down over one eye. She looks more like Veronica Lake than Veronica Lake. *

Lynn's on the phone, trying to listen as the Gentleman embraces her from behind. She hangs up, turns to him.

LYNN
You have to go. But I'll make it up to you. I promise.

OLDER GENTLEMAN
Gosh, kitten, I don't know...

As he mashes up against her, there's knocking at the door. Persistent. Lynn shakes her head, can't believe this. *

OLDER GENTLEMAN
(Alan Ladd)
Is it the cops?

As he practices pointing his finger like Ladd points a gun, Lynn goes to the door. She opens it to reveal Bud.

BUD
Miss Bracken, I'm Officer White --

Bud stops short as he sees how she's dressed, then the half-naked Alan Ladd wannabe beyond her. Lynn is cool, acts like none of it's a big deal.

LYNN
I've been expecting you. Just not this soon. Pierce called. Told me what happened to Sue.

OLDER GENTLEMAN
Is everything okay, Doll? Want me to get rid of him?

BUD
Hit the road, Gramps.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: 80

Bud enters. The Older Gentleman strikes a pose. He still thinks he's Alan Ladd.

OLDER GENTLEMAN
Alright. This time I'll go, but next time --

BUD
(flips badge)
LAPD, shitbird. Get the fuck out of here or I'll call your wife to come get you.

81 EXT. 1736 WILCOX (LYNN BRACKEN'S) - DAY 81

Sputtering, the Older Gentleman exits with his clothes in hand. Lynn smiles kindly, shrugs as Bud slams the door in the old guy's face.

82 INT. 1736 WILCOX (LYNN BRACKEN'S) - DAY 82

Bud almost smiles as Lynn shuts off the projector.

LYNN
Can I get you a drink?

BUD
Yeah, Scotch. Straight.

Bud watches her move to the bar. God, she's beautiful.

LYNN
I was friendly with Sue Lefferts, but we weren't really friends. You know what I mean?

BUD
Are you sorry she's dead?

LYNN
Of course I am. What kind of question is that?

She steps back with a Scotch for both of them.

BUD
Have you ever heard of Dick Stensland? Stens?

LYNN
No I haven't. Do you know why Pierce is humoring you?

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (A1) 82

BUD
You use words like that, you might make me mad.

LYNN
Yes. But do you know?

BUD
Yeah I know. Patchett's running whores and judging by his address, probably something bigger on the side. He doesn't want any attention.

LYNN
That's right. Our motives are selfish, so we're cooperating.

BUD
Why was Susan Lefferts at the Nite Owl?

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: 82

LYNN
I don't know. I never heard of the Nite Owl till today.

BUD
Did Lefferts have a boyfriend?

LYNN
Like I said we were friendly, not friends.

BUD
How'd she meet Patchett?

LYNN
Pierce meets people. Sue came on the bus with dreams of Hollywood. This is how they turned out. Thanks to Pierce, we still get to act a little.

BUD
Tell me about Patchett.

LYNN
He's waiting for you to mention money.

BUD
You want some advice, Miss Bracken?

LYNN
It's Lynn.

BUD
Miss Bracken, don't ever try to fucking bribe me or threaten me or I'll have you and Patchett in shit up to your ears.

Lynn smiles again. She likes Bud. A beat.

LYNN
I remember you from Christmas Eve. You have a thing for helping women, don't you, Officer White?

BUD
Maybe I'm just fucking curious.

LYNN
You say fuck' a lot.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (2) 82

BUD
You fuck for money.

LYNN
There's blood on your shirt. Is that an integral part of your job?

BUD
Yeah.

LYNN
Do you enjoy it?

BUD
When they deserve it.

LYNN
Did they deserve it today?

BUD
Last night. And I'm not sure. *

LYNN
But you did it anyway.

BUD
Yeah, just like the half dozen guys you screwed today.

LYNN
(laughs again)
Actually, it was two. You're different, Officer White. You're the first man in five years who didn't tell me I look like Veronica Lake inside of a minute.

BUD
You look better than Veronica Lake. Now, Pierce Patchett.

LYNN
He takes a cut of our earnings and invests it for us. He doesn't let us use narcotics and he doesn't abuse us. Can your policeman's mentality grasp those contradictions? *

BUD
He had you cut to look like Veronica Lake?

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (3) 82

LYNN
No. I'm really a brunette, but the rest is me. And that's all the news that's fit to print.

Lynn starts toward the door. Bud watches her for a moment, then follows. She takes his glass at the door.

LYNN
It was nice meeting you, Officer.

Out the door, Bud turns back. Blurts:

BUD
Look. I want to see you again.

LYNN
Are you asking me for a date or an appointment?

BUD
(suddenly unsure)
I don't know.

LYNN
(another smile)
If it's a date I think you'd better tell me your first name because I --

BUD
(feeling foolish)
Forget I asked. It was a mistake.

Lynn watches thoughtfully after Bud as he walks away. He opens his car door like he's going to tear it off. A last glance back at Lynn as he gets in the car...

83 EXT. 9781 SOUTH DUQUESNE (SOUTH CENTRAL) - DAY 83

A BLACK BOXER pounds a heavybag/speed bag combo bolted to the porch of the house. Wiry, a welterweight, he doesn't see Jack and Exley till they're almost on top of him.

JACK
Leonard Bidwell?

The Boxer leans on the bag to catch his breath. Looking them over, he finally nods.

JACK
How's the left these days?

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: 83

BOXER
What's it to you?

JACK
I saw you fight Kid Gavilan. I like your style.

BOXER
What do you want, Mr. Policeman?

JACK
You got a brother up in Folsom. I know because I put him there.

BOXER
Till 19-fucking-70.

JACK
How'd you like to make it 1960? I know the Judge and Lieutenant Exley here is friends with the D.A.

Exley nods this is true. The Boxer's still listening.

EXLEY
We're looking for three colored guys who like to pop off shotguns. One of them owns a maroon Merc coupe. *

BOXER
You wanna get me a fuckin' snitch jacket?

JACK
You wanna buy your brother ten years?... You don't have to say anything. Just look at this list and point. Here.

Jack holds the DMV list out to the Boxer who waves it off.

BOXER
He's bad, so I'll just tell you. Sugar Ray Collins. Drives a maroon '49 coupe, beautiful ride. Don't know about shotguns, but he gets his thrills killing dogs. He is righteous trash. *

Jack and Exley scan the list. Jack's finger stabs down on Collins, Raymond, 9611 1/2 South Tevere.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: (2) 83

JACK
That's five minutes from here.

84 EXT. SOUTH TEVERE ST. - DAY 84

A two-story house with garage apartments in back. Jack coasts the car to the curb. He leaps out with Exley. Exley holds up at the sight of a late model sedan. He leans down to look in the window at the two-way on the dash.

EXLEY
It's one of us.

JACK
Shit. Someone beat us here.

They run down the driveway of the house next door and cut across. Voices from the garages ahead. We see a chrome bumper, the maroon fender of a '49 Mercury coupe. A door slams. Drawing a .45, Jack starts over with Exley, .38 in hand. *

85 INT. SOUTH TEVERE ST. - GARAGE - DAY 85

Toting shotguns, Dudley's boys from the Victory Motel, Breuning and Carlisle, stand by the maroon Mercury. Jack and Exley come around the corner, lower their guns. * *

JACK
Hey.

Breuning wheels, pumps a round into the chamber. He very nearly fires before he sees who it is.

CARLISLE
What the fuck are you guys doing here?

EXLEY
Think of us as back-up.

JACK
What do you got?

As Jack moves to peer through the Merc's window.

BREUNING
Three Ithaca pumps, an empty box of double-ought buck and cash.

Jack spots them. Three shotguns on the passenger side floor, an empty box of shells and loose dollar bills.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: 85

JACK
So long, Vice. 'Badge of Honor,' here I come.

Carlisle moves forward; Breuning restrains his partner.

CARLISLE
Fuck you, Vincennes. It's our collar.

EXLEY
Quiet. I'm ranking officer here. We go as a team. End of story.

86 INT. CORRIDOR (SOUTH TEVERE ST.) - DAY 86 *

Breuning and Carlisle lead the way with Jack and Exley bringing up the rear. Squinting, Exley reaches to his pocket for something. Not there.

EXLEY
Dammit...

JACK
What?

EXLEY
Glasses.

JACK
(chuckling)
Just don't shoot me.

The door to 9611 1/2. Two men on either side. Breuning and Jack rear back. They kick at the same instant. The door flies off its hinges to reveal two young black men, RAY COLLINS and TY JONES, waking from a couple of flop mattresses. *

87 INT. ROOM 9611 1/2 (SOUTH TEVERE ST.) - DAY 87 *

Collins jumps up. Entering, Carlisle aims, but Exley grabs his arm. The blast rips the ceiling. Jack aims.

JACK
Freeze!

Collins freezes. Jones doesn't dare get up.

CARLISLE
Ace him, Jack.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: 87

EXLEY
Shut up, Carlisle!

Breuning covers the two blacks, as Jack and Exley move for a closed bedroom door.

EXLEY
(to Breuning; re: Collins and Jones)
Don't you kill them.

Jack and Exley burst into a...

88 INT. SECOND BEDROOM 88

A black kid, LOUIS FONTAINE, in his underwear, going for the window. Fontaine flinches as Jack spins him, sticks his .38 in his back, starts to cuff him. *

JACK *
(winks to Exley) *
So how does it feel to get out of the office? *

89 INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY 89

Dudley watches as Exley skims a report, memorizing names and dates. Jack reads the latest edition. Headline screams: NITE OWL ARRESTS. Other brass are here along with a STENOGRAPHER. Through tinted glass, the three suspects in three different interrogation rooms. As Bud enters, a LIEUTENANT waves him off. * * * * *

LIEUTENANT
It's crowded in here, White.

BUD
These guys killed Stensland.

The Lieutenant relents, motions Bud in. Exley finishes skimming the report.

EXLEY
Casitas... Twenty-two... Burning clothes...

A UNIFORMED COP arrives, hands a report to Dudley. *

UNIFORMED COP *
This just came up from forensics. *

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (A1) 89

Exley looks through the glass at the suspects, pauses at Fontaine who looks young, vulnerable and scared. *

Dudley hands Exley report photos -- blow-ups of shell casings. *

DUDLEY *
Hot off the press. The strike marks on shells fired from the suspects' shotguns match the strike marks on the shell casings found at the Nite Owl. *
(re: suspects) *
Ed, I want confessions. A night stewing has softened them up.

EXLEY
I'll break them, Sir.

As Exley steps into the first interrogation room, Jack joins Dudley.

JACK
You think golden boy can handle it, Cap?

DUDLEY
I think you'll be surprised what Edmund's capable of.

90 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1 90

Exley closes the door. Ray Collins is cuffed to a chair. One eye swollen shut, lip split, a smashed nose with one nostril split. * *

As Exley steps toward him, Collins pulls back warily. Exley unlocks his cuffs, drops cigarettes and matches on the table. As Collins rubs his wrist...

EXLEY
They call you Sugar Ray because of Ray Robinson?
(no answer)
They say Robinson can throw a four punch combination in one second. Do you believe that?

Collins just stares at him.

EXLEY
You're 22, aren't you, Ray?

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (A1) 90

COLLINS
Say what and so what.

EXLEY
Did one of the officers work you over a little?

No bite. Collins just stares back.

EXLEY
So you're twenty-two, right?

COLLINS
Man, why do you keep asking me that?

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: 90

EXLEY
Just getting my facts straight. Twenty-two makes it a gas chamber bounce. You should have pulled this caper a couple of years ago. Get life, do a little Youth Authority jolt, transfer to Folsom a big man. Orbit on some of that good prison brew, get yourself a sissy --

COLLINS
I never truck with no sissies!

EXLEY
That fucking Louis. I almost believed him.

COLLINS
Believed what?

EXLEY
Nothing, Ray. You did the Casitas Youth Camp with Louis, didn't you?

COLLINS
Man, why're you talkin' about Louis? His business is his business.

Unseen by Collins, Exley reaches under the table, takes hold of one of three toggle switches.

EXLEY
Sugar, Louis told me you went Sissy up at Casitas. You couldn't do the time so you found yourself a big white boy to look after you. He said they call you 'sugar' because you gave it out so sweet.

Exley flips the toggle.

91 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2 91

The speaker over Louis Fontaine's head crackles to life.

COLLINS' VOICE
Louis gave it at Casitas! Man, I was the fuckin' boss jocker on my dorm! Louis's the sissy! Louis give it for candy bars!

92 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1 92

Exley flips up the second toggle.

COLLINS
He's got no more sense than a fuckin' dog.

Exley flips the switches off.

EXLEY
I heard you like to shoot dogs.

COLLINS
Dogs got no reason to live.

EXLEY
Oh? You feel that way about people, too?

COLLINS
Man, what're you saying?

EXLEY
Ray, we got the shotguns.

COLLINS
I don't own no shotguns.

EXLEY
Why were you throwing clothes in the building incinerator?

COLLINS
(trembling)
Say what?

EXLEY
You guys were arrested this morning, but none of you have last night's clothes. The building manager saw <u>you</u> throwing them into the incinerator. It doesn't look good.

COLLINS
I got nothin' more to say till I see a judge.

EXLEY
Were you on hop? You were passed out when you got arrested. Were you hopped up, Ray?

COLLINS
Ty and Louis fuck with that shit, not me.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: 92

EXLEY
Where do they get their stuff? Give me one to feed the D.A. It'll make me look good and I'll say, 'Sugar Ray wasn't a punk like his sissy partners.'

Collins nods. Exley flips up the toggles as he leans in.

EXLEY
All right, Raymond.

93 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #3 93

The speaker over Ty Jones's head crackles to life.

EXLEY'S VOICE
... tell me just one more thing about Jones and Fontaine. Where do they get their drugs?

Jones reacts to his name.

COLLINS' VOICE
Roland Navarette. Lives on Bunker Hill. He runs a hole-up and sells red devils.

94 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM 94

Watching the reactions of Jones and Fontaine through the glass, Jack looks to Dudley.

JACK
Exley's good. I'll give him that.

95 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1 95

Exley flips down the switches, stands.

EXLEY
I'm going to take a break.

Exley opens the door, looks back in afterthought.

EXLEY
You know, Ray, I'm talking about the gas chamber and you haven't even asked me what this is all about. You got a big guilty sign around your neck.

96 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM 96

Exley enters.

DUDLEY
Masterful, Edmund. Your father would've been proud.
(pointing)
This one's on the verge.

Exley looks through the glass into #2. Louis Fontaine -- weeping. A piss puddle on the floor by his chair.

EXLEY
Fontaine next, but give Jones the newspaper. I want him primed.

Exley heads for the door to #2.

97 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2 97

Fontaine tries to control his sniffles as Exley enters.

EXLEY
Louis, Ray Collins ratted you off. He said the Nite Owl was your idea. You want to tell me about it?

No answer.

EXLEY
I think it was Ray's idea. Talk and I think I can save your life.

No answer.

EXLEY
Son, six people are dead and somebody has to pay. It can be you or it can be Ray.

No answer.

EXLEY
Louis, he called you queer. He said at Casitas you took it up the ass. He said --

FONTAINE
I DIDN'T KILL NOBODY!

The voice is strong, full of conviction. Exley nearly jumps back. He glances at the mirror, unsure. Then, * leaning in... *

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: 97

EXLEY
Son, you know what's going to happen if you don't talk. So for God's sake admit what you did.

FONTAINE
(sobbing)
I didn't mean to hurt her. Maybe she's okay.

EXLEY
Okay? These people are all in the morgue. They were dead when you left them.

FONTAINE
(falling apart)
I just wanted to lose my cherry. She don't die so I don't die. She don't die so I don't die.

Exley can't hide his surprise at this.

EXLEY
Who are you talking about? Was she at the Nite Owl? Who is she?

But Fontaine is gone. Head lolling, eyes squeezing out tears. The interrogation has taken a U-turn.

98 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM 98

Everyone watches, glued, as Exley exits Interrogation Room #2 and heads for #3.

99 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #3 99

Jones is reading the paper when Exley bursts in.

JONES
This newspaper shit ain't shit.

EXLEY
Where's the girl Fontaine's talking about? Was she a hooker? Did you kill her?

No answer, but Jones looks nervous.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: 99

EXLEY
You wanted Louis to lose his cherry, but things got out of hand. Is that right?
(no answer)
Is she still alive?
(no answer)
Kick loose, Jones. I think you made her bleed. She bled on your clothes, so you burned the clothes.

No answer, but Jones is squirming.

100 OMITTED 100

101 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM 101

Everyone's attention is riveted, particularly Bud's. They watch, listen over the speaker.

EXLEY
(over speaker)
If that girl is alive she is the only chance you've got.

JONES
(over speaker)
I think she's alive.

EXLEY
(over speaker)
You <u>think</u>?

No one notices as the chair back begins to splinter in Bud's hands.

102 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #3 102

Exley sits across from Jones, tries to wrap it up. *

EXLEY
Where is she now? Did you leave her someplace?
(no answer)
Did you sell her out? Give her to some of your buddies? Tell me where she is.

Jones looks up. As he opens his mouth to talk, the door blasts open. Bud slams Jones up against the wall. As Exley stands, he bangs his knee on the table. Pulling a .38, Bud breaks the cylinder, drops 5 shells on the floor.

BUD
One in six. Where's the girl?

EXLEY
Officer White, put down that weapon. I have this under control --

Bud shoves the barrel into Jones' mouth, pulls the trigger twice. Click, click. Jones starts to slide down the wall.

BUD
WHERE?!

Exley grabs at Bud who flings him back. Two more clicks.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: 102

Jones spills.

JONES
S-sylvester F-fitch one-o-nine *
Avalon gray corner house, upstairs... *

Bud charges out, leaving Exley blinking in his wake.

103 EXT. AVALON BOULEVARD - DAY 103 *

A four car cordon. They coast up to a GRAY CORNER HOUSE. Dudley Smith behind the wheel of the lead cruiser. Bud White rides shotgun, reloading his revolver.

BUD
Give me one minute.

DUDLEY
You've got it, Wendell.

104 EXT. STREET - DAY 104 *

Bud is out the door and scooting down an alley. Exley moves to follow, but Dudley cuts him off.

DUDLEY
We're going through the front.

105 EXT. ALLEY - DAY 105 *

Bud vaults a fence, pads up the steps to a back porch. * A screen door. Bud pulls a flick knife from an ankle * holster. He slips the catch with the blade and walks * inside.

106 INT. FITCH APARTMENT - SCREEN PORCH - DAY 106 *

Bud heads for a blind-covered door. Unlocked, he enters...

107 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 107 *

He silently moves down the narrow hall. Light bounces * from side rooms. We hear music and cartoon voices from * up ahead. Bud looks into a... *

108 INT. BEDROOM - DAY 108

A NUDE GIRL spread-eagled on a mattress. Bound and gagged. Her eyes grow wide at the sight of Bud, then flicker down the hall. Directing him.

108A INT. HALLWAY - DAY 108A

Raising the .38, Bud continues along the hall. He looks into the empty kitchen. Up ahead...

109 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 109

SYLVESTER FITCH sits naked on the couch wolfing Rice Krispies and watching cartoons on a flickering TV. He looks up, sees the .38 before he sees Bud beyond it. Fitch sets down his spoon.

Bud shoots him in the face. Dead, Fitch just sits there.

Bud moves behind him. Pulling a spare piece from his ankle holster, Bud fires back at the door from Fitch's line of fire, then puts the gun in Fitch's hand.

We hear a crash against the front door. As Fitch slides off the chair to the floor, Bud dumps the Rice Krispies on him.

109A INT. STAIRWAY - DAY 109A

The front door flies open. Exley leads the charge up the stairs. A look in the living room tells the story. One of the cops moves down the hall and looks into...

109B INT. BEDROOM - DAY 109B

Bud is by the bed, covering the girl, comforting her and cutting the ties that bind.

110 EXT. FITCH APARTMENT - DUSK 110

The Girl on a stretcher. Being carried to an AMBULANCE. Bud White walks alongside, looking like some ferocious pet pit bull. The ATTENDANTS get her inside. One joins her. The other pauses to light a smoke. *

Bud takes the cigarette from his mouth.

BUD
Get her to the fucking hospital.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: 110

One look at Bud, and the Attendant is running around to the driver's side. *

Exley arrives, leans in to the rear of the ambulance. *

EXLEY *
Miss, I'm Lieutenant Exley. I *
know this is difficult, but I *
need to know when they left you. *

Bud pulls Exley back. *

BUD *
Give your career a rest and leave *
her alone. *

Bud closes the door, pounds the side of the ambulance, *
signaling the driver to go. As the ambulance pulls out... *

EXLEY
A naked guy with a gun? You
expect anyone to believe that?

BUD
Get the fuck away from me.

Bud starts away, Exley follows. *

EXLEY
How's it going to look on your
report? Huh?

Bud keeps going.

BUD
It'll look like justice. That's
what that fat fuck got. Justice.

EXLEY
You don't know what the word
means, you dumb bastard.

BUD
(stops; turns)
Yeah? You think it means getting
your picture in the paper.

They're in each other's face. Other cops begin to take notice.

BUD
Why don't you go after criminals
for a change instead of cops?

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (2) 110

EXLEY
Stensland deserved what he got.
And so will you.

They're chest to chest with Bud forcing Exley back. But ten hands pull them apart. Dudley on Exley. Four cops genuinely having trouble on Bud.

DUDLEY
You should stay away from a man when his blood is up.

EXLEY
His blood's always up.

DUDLEY
Then maybe you should stay away from him all the time.

And as if things couldn't get crazier, shouts from the cops on the street. Police radios cranked up.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Repeat, three suspects escaped from the Hall of Justice jail. The Nite Owl killers: Raymond Collins, Ty Jones and Louis Fontaine. They are considered armed and extremely dangerous. Descriptions are as follows...

111 INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT 111

Electrified, "Nite Owl Killers" on everyone's lips.

COP ONE
They jumped out a second floor window. Some dope left them alone for a minute.

COP TWO *
Girl at the hospital gave her *
statement. The three jigs left *
her at midnight. Plenty of time *
to be at the Nite Owl by one. *

Exley wades through it all, beelines a SECRETARY. *

EXLEY
I need the interrogation transcript on Ray Collins.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: (A1) 111

SECRETARY
I'm typing it now.

EXLEY
The question was, 'Give me one to feed the D.A.' What was the answer? *

The Secretary scans her freshly typed pages, finds it.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: 111

SECRETARY
Roland Navarette. Lives on Bunker Hill. He runs a hole-up and sells red devils --

But Exley's already moving off. Police rush by.

EXLEY
Anyone seen Jack Vincennes?

A few Cops mumble they haven't. As Exley decides what to do, Carlisle from the original arrest steps over.

CARLISLE
Is something up, Lieutenant?

EXLEY
I need some back-up... Come on.

112 EXT. VICTORIAN APARTMENT BUILDING (1ST & OLIVE) - NIGHT 112

Exley and Carlisle pull up around the corner from a four-story Victorian with paint peeling off the clapboards.

They jump out of the car toting SHOTGUNS. They drop down over a wall and, dodging clothes on lines, cut through the narrow yards of a bungalow court.

113 INT. VICTORIAN APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT 113

Carlisle waits as Exley checks the mail slots: Navarette, 408. Exley and Carlisle take the steps two at a time.

114 INT. 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY (VICTORIAN) - NIGHT 114

Exley squints, reaches to a pocket. No glasses. He passes an elevator, rounds a corner. There's 408. Exley pumps the shotgun, nods to Carlisle who kicks the door in.

115 INT. NAVARETTE LIVING ROOM (VICTORIAN) - NIGHT 115

Exley and Carlisle burst in on four men eating sandwiches. Fontaine and caucasian NAVARETTE at a table. Collins on the floor. Jones by the window. No weapons in sight. Exley squints. *

EXLEY
Nobody move!

Fontaine and Navarette raise their hands. A jostled beer bottle crashes to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: 115

Reacting, Carlisle jerks the trigger. Fontaine goes down.

Navarette draws a .38, shoots Carlisle twice in the chest. Exley blasts Navarette.

Screaming, Jones pulls a .45 from his belt. Exley fires, blowing him right through the window.

Collins makes a run for it out the kitchen door, to the back door of the next apartment. Exley fires, taking out half the wall as Collins dives through the door. *

116 OMITTED 116 *

116A INT. EMPTY APARTMENT 116A *

Collins scrambles through, out the front door. Here comes Exley. *

117 INT. HALLWAY 117

Exley stumbles out, wiping Navarette's blood from his eyes. Down the hall, he sees: *

Collins vanishes into the elevator. *

Exley charges as the elevator doors close. *

The shotgun barrel juts through. The door bangs against it. BLAM! *

118 OMITTED 118 *
& & *
119 119 *

120 INT. ELEVATOR 120

The doors open and Exley stares down at what he's done. *

DISSOLVE TO:

L.A. MONTAGE

121 Tony Bennett belts "Boulevard of Broken Dreams." 121

122 INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - NIGHT 122

Exley returns to grudging respect. His white shirt flecked with blood, he's clapped on the back by Dudley who dubs him "Shotgun Ed." Exley doesn't enjoy it. He's numb, stumbling along. As he notices the blood on his hands...

123 NEWSPAPER HEADLINE 123

NITE OWL HERO! Over a photo of Exley.

124 EXT. FOREST LAWN CEMETERY - DAY 124

A coffin is lowered into the ground. A sea of dress blues. Carlisle's funeral. As a twenty-one gun salute is fired...

125 EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL CEMETERY - DAY 125

Louis Fontaine's MOTHER and a small gathering of family mourn as Louis Fontaine is buried. * *

126 EXT. CITY HALL STEPS - DAY 126

Reporters scribble as the Chief speaks. Uniforms everywhere along with Exley and Loew. Bud sits in the back.

THE CHIEF
Edmund J. Exley has amassed a brilliant record in his seven years with the LAPD. Recently he evinced spectacular bravery in the line of duty. It is my honor to present him with our highest honor, the Medal of Valor.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: 126

Exley steps up. The Chief hangs a gold medallion around his neck. Flashbulbs pop as the two men shake hands. Exley then accepts a handshake from Dudley. The policemen stand on cue, applaud without enthusiasm. Dudley lifts the medal from his chest.

DUDLEY
Your father would've been proud.

Dudley puts an arm around Exley's shoulder, smiles out as more bulbs flash. Exley considers his medal. It is an appealing thing.

Watching from the back, Bud sneers, turns and walks away.

127 INT. STAGE 4 - VARIETY INTERNATIONAL PICTURES - DAY 127 *

Cameras roll as Brett Chase interrogates a "SUSPECT." Jack arrives to smiles and quiet handshakes. He's back. Someone hands him a script. Chase looks over, winks.

128 EXT. ORANGE GROVE (ANAHEIM) - DAY 128

People cheer as bulldozers mow down orange trees. A banner heralds the future: On this site: The World's Biggest Amusement Park. Cartoon characters dance among the fallen trees.

129 INT. CITY HALL ROTUNDA - DAY 129

Standing off to the side is the Older Gentlemen last seen doing his best Alan Ladd impersonation at Lynn Bracken's. He stares emphatically at the SMARMY LAWYER who stands before him holding a manila folder.

OLDER GENTLEMAN
You tell Mr. Patchett I have no intention of changing my vote.

The Lawyer simply hands him a stack of photographs. From Lynn Bracken's apartment. The first is the Older Gentleman naked except for his socks and garters.

130 INT. CITY HALL - CITY COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY 130

The Older Gentleman rises for a council vote.

OLDER GENTLEMAN
It may surprise some, but a mature man, enlightened by the facts, can change his mind...

131 EXT. 1736 WILCOX (LYNN BRACKEN'S) - NIGHT 131

Rain. A limo disgorges a HEAVY-SET MAN who climbs the steps, knocks on the door. Lynn answers in an evening gown. He gives her a peck on the cheek and continues in past her. Lynn's about to follow him in when she pauses to deadpan a look down the street.

Bud's Packard is parked there and we can see his darkened silhouette behind the wheel. Smiling a bit sadly to herself, Lynn disappears inside.

This is no stake-out. Bud watches after her with yearning.

132 INT. THE TROCADERO CLUB - NIGHT 132

CIGARETTE GIRLS and the CLUB PHOTOGRAPHER make the rounds. Johnny Stompanato enjoys the frenzied floor show.

133 EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - DAY 133

Hopalong Cassidy, on horseback, leads a parade. As he passes, he pulls his six gun, points it at the camera, winks and laughs. Pan to six bathing beauties on a float. Pan again to D.A. Ellis Loew and "Badge of Honor" star Brett Chase walking with a platoon of shining POLICE CADETS. A banner reads: "L.A.'s Finest." *

134 INT. THE OLYMPIC AUDITORIUM - NIGHT 134

The crowd in a frenzy as Vincennes-snitch, the welter-weight Black Boxer, beats the shit out of a WHITE FIGHTER.

135 INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE - NIGHT 135

The monied JOHNS watch horny as hell as "GINGER ROGERS" twirls around the room with a female "FRED ASTAIRE." Clothes fly as they spin. Still, most eyes turn to Lynn Bracken as she enters oozing that cat-girl grace. Surveying it all from a chair to the side - Pierce Patchett. *

136 OMITTED 136

137 INT. VICTORY MOTEL - ROOM 5 - NIGHT 137

Screams. A CAULIFLOWER-EARED Cleveland mob ENFORCER on the hotseat. Breuning works him with a rubber hose as Dudley asks unanswered questions. Bud watches, revulsion growing.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: 137

DUDLEY
Where did you intend to start. Prostitution? Gambling?
(no answer)
Go back to Cleveland, Lad. This is the City of Angels and you haven't got any wings.

More screams as the hose thwops down. Bud looks away, then shuffles blindly out of the room.

138 INT. BATHROOM (VICTORY MOTEL) - NIGHT 138

Bud runs water in the sink to drown out the screams. It doesn't work. Finally, he leans down and sticks his head under the stream of water. That doesn't work either.

139 EXT. VICTORY MOTEL - NIGHT 139

Hair dripping wet, Bud makes it to his car. The tires spit gravel as he tears away. Dudley appears in the doorway, watching curiously. As Cauliflower continues to scream...

140 INT. BUD'S PACKARD - 1736 WILCOX (LYNN'S) - DAWN 140

Bud watches Lynn Bracken's apartment. Colored lights play on the windows. Shadows pass. As the front door opens, the "Boulevard Of Broken Dreams" ends.

There's Veronica Lake, all sparkles and spangles, kissing another DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN goodnight. Bud watches the man into a waiting LIMO.

141 INT. 1736 WILCOX (LYNN'S) - LIVING ROOM - DAWN 141

Now Lynn just looks tired. As she puts away Scotch bottles and picks up empty glasses, there's a knock on the door. Lynn sighs, becomes sultry Veronica Lake before our eyes.

142 INT. FRONT HALL (1736 WILCOX) - DAWN 142

LYNN
(opening door)
Did you forget some --

Bud stands there, filling up the door frame.

LYNN
I wondered when you might ring my bell again, Officer White.

BUD
It's Bud.

Bud looks at Lynn a moment, then down at his own feet. Embarrassed. She smiles.

LYNN
You should see yourself. You look like you're ten years old.

Bud looks back up. Lynn's smile fades as she studies his face. She looks down, almost embarrassed for a moment. She runs a hand through the blonde hair covering one eye.

LYNN
If you'd called first I wouldn't look this ridiculous.

Bud reaches up. Gently pushes her hair off her face. A moment later she's easing off her wig to reveal her natural brown hair. Bud takes out a handkerchief, carefully wipes her lipstick, some of the makeup off her face. Lynn lets him do it.

BUD
You're beautiful.

Bud leans in slowly, gently kisses her. He pulls back so he can see her.

LYNN
You're wondering if Patchett told me to be receptive.

Bud doesn't answer, but yes. She kisses him. Softly, drawing it out. Not a job.

LYNN
It doesn't matter.

Deciding, she takes him by the hand, leads him through the living room and up the stairs to a closed door.

142A INT. LYNN'S ROOM (1736 WILCOX) - DAWN 142A

A small, simply furnished bedroom. The effects are personal, nothing of Veronica Lake. Bud takes it in, looks at her. She smiles slightly, almost shyly.

BUD
Why me?

LYNN
I'm not sure.

Bud takes her in his arms. He loosens her dress at the waist. She lets it fall. Naked in more ways than one. As she starts to undress Bud...

142B INT. CITY OF ANGELS HOSPITAL - VISITOR'S LOUNGE - DAY 142B *

Among the gathered PRESS, a PHOTOGRAPHER checks his camera as a REPORTER waits. *

REPORTER
Good story. Rape victim wheeled out of hospital by the man who killed the guys who did it. *

PHOTOGRAPHER
Yeah... Pulitzer stuff. *

142C INT. CITY OF ANGELS HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY 142C *

Exley wheels Inez along. *

INEZ
Thank you for what you did. For killing those putos who raped me. *
(a beat) *
Will you thank Officer White for me? *

EXLEY
Sure... *

INEZ
Seeing him come through the door is about the only thing I remember. Thank god. *

This bothers Exley a bit. *

(CONTINUED)

142C CONTINUED: 142C

EXLEY
But you remember the times, right? In your statement, you said the suspects left you at midnight.

INEZ
It might have been.

EXLEY
(stops)
Might have?

INEZ
I don't know when they left me. I wanted them dead. Would anyone have cared that they raped a Mexican girl from Boyle Heights if they hadn't killed those white people at the Nite Owl? I did what I had to for justice.

As Exley's head swims... Up ahead, the press have spotted them.

143 INT. STAGE 4 - VARIETY INTERNATIONAL PICTURES - NIGHT 143

A "Badge of Honor" fund-raiser for a CITY COUNCILMAN'S reelection campaign. Hot dogs and sauerkraut. Fish-bowls stuffed with cash. Jack is here, returns a glad-hander's greeting with a half-hearted smile. D.A. Ellis Loew sits on one side of the Councilman, the Councilman's * WIFE and TEENAGE DAUGHTER sit on the other as Brett "Joe * Reno" Chase speaks.

CHASE
This election is about the future of law enforcement in Los Angeles. A friend of the police, City Councilman Rogers represents that future. So dig deep and let's get a moral man reelected. District Attorney Ellis Loew would like to say a few words.

Applause. Leaving the podium, Chase is replaced by Loew. Chase smiles at the Councilman's daughter who absolutely * gushes. Chase then winks knowingly to Jack who returns * a tired, humorless smile. *

Jack scans the room. An odd moment as Jack catches his own reflection in a mirror across the way. He puts a hand to his face.

HUDGEONS (O.S.)
Big V Jack Vincennes!

Jack turns to see Sid Hudgeons approaching.

HUDGEONS
Good to see you're back, boychick.

JACK
Sid, how are they hanging?

HUDGEONS
Down around my ankles. You tight with the D.A., Jackie?

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED: 143

JACK
Sure, he just tried to throw me off the force last Christmas as a joke.

HUDGEONS
How about some payback? Big time. *
Not to mention a donation to the widows and orphans fund. Did you know Loew was a swish?

JACK
No kidding?

Hudgeons scans the crowd, points someone out.

HUDGEONS
You remember Matt Reynolds?

Jack spots Matt Reynolds -- one of the young actors Jack arrested on Christmas Eve.

HUDGEONS
The movie premiere pot bust. *
He just got off the honor farm.

JACK
What's he doing here, Sid?

HUDGEONS
Reynold's acey-deucey. Not to * mention broke. I'm getting him * to fuck the D.A. for a hundred bucks.
(winks)
That's twice the fifty you got for wrecking his career.

Even Jack's not immune to a comment like that.

HUDGEONS
Matt! Over here!

As Reynolds heads over, Hudgeons points out...

HUDGEONS
That's D.A. Loew right there.

Reynolds gets a nervous bead on Loew. Hudgeons realizes:

HUDGEONS
You need a drink, Kid... Jack, look after him a minute. Kid, this is Jack. No secrets between me and him.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED: (2) 143

Hudgeons heads off. Reynolds, pale, nods at Jack.

REYNOLDS
Have we met before?

JACK
Yeah.

Jack doesn't really feel like talking to him. Reynolds' nerves won't let him stay quiet.

REYNOLDS
Was it a party?

JACK
Something like that.

REYNOLDS
(misreading)
Oh, I know. A Fleur-de-Lis party, right?

Jack remembers the name, plays along for what it's worth.

JACK
Fleur-de-Lis. "Whatever you desire."

REYNOLDS
Dope, hookers that look like movie stars. Pierce Patchett has it all. *

JACK
(bluffing along) *
You got that right. *

REYNOLDS
He isn't like regular people. *
I dig him, but he scares me, too.

JACK
Really? How?

Reynolds shakes his head, doesn't want to talk about it. *

REYNOLDS
You know, when I came out to L.A., *
this isn't exactly where I saw myself ending up.
*

Reynolds looks like he's going to cry. Hudgeons returns with a double Scotch straight up and a hot dog with sauerkraut. He hands the drink to Matt.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED: (3) 143

HUDGEONS
Dutch courage, Kid. Drink up.

Reynolds downs a few gulps, looks across the room at Loew.

REYNOLDS
I don't know if I should do this.

HUDGEONS
Hey, it's not like you don't know how. And Jack here has connections on "Badge of Honor." Pull this off and there'll be a part for you. I smell a comeback. Don't you, Jack?

Reynolds looks to Jack who gives a noncommittal shrug.

HUDGEONS
Loew's free. Introduce yourself. *

Reynolds looks toward Loew, hesitates. Hudgeons sees his heart isn't in it.

HUDGEONS
Talk to him, Jack. Tell him about the opening on the show.

JACK
I'm pretty sure I can get you a part on the show... But tonight? Pretend it's an acting job, kid. Showbiz.

REYNOLDS
And no one'll know about this?

JACK
It'll be our secret.

REYNOLDS
Showbiz...

Emboldened by Jack's promise, Reynolds drains his glass and heads off. *

HUDGEONS
If Reynolds works his charms, which he will, they'll be around * the corner at the Hollywood Center * Motel. Room seven.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

144 OMITTED 144 *

144A INT. MOVIE THEATER - SCREEN - NIGHT 144A

ROMAN HOLIDAY. A humorous moment between Gregory Peck and a radiant Audrey Hepburn. Among those in the packed house: Bud and Lynn. She watches the screen, laughing, but he can't stop looking at her.

145 & 146 OMITTED 145 & 146

146A EXT. FROLIC ROOM - NIGHT 146A

A Hollywood Boulevard hole in the wall. Next door, at the Pantages, THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL is playing.

143 CONTINUED: (4) 143

HUDGEONS (CONT'D)
Meet me at midnight for a little photo shoot. Maybe we'll work in the Hollywood sign this time.

Hudgeons holds out a President Grant $50 bill. Jack doesn't take it.

JACK
Sid, what do you know about Pierce Patchett?

HUDGEONS
Why do you ask?

JACK
I've been hearing some rumors. Wild parties, high class porn. Hookers that look like movie stars.

HUDGEONS
Jackie, all I know is what you know. The man is very rich. And he's invested in freeway construction so he's gonna get a lot richer. But that's it. Patchett's what I like to call 'Twilight.' He ain't queer, he ain't Red, he can't help me in my quest for prime sinuendo.

Jack takes the $50. Jack and Hudgeons watch as Reynolds strikes a conversation with Loew who's captivated.

HUDGEONS
(laughing)
As though 'Badge of Honor' would touch the kid with a ten foot pole after he's been the Hush-Hush cover boy twice in one year.

Hudgeons chomps a bite of his hot dog, gives Jack the high sign, but Jack just feels like a pimp.

JACK
(starts away)
I'll catch up with you in a couple of hours.

HUDGEONS
Midnight. I guarantee all kinds of illegal activity.

CUT TO:

146E CONTINUED: 146E

HUDGEONS
The kid left, chickened out. The night cost me a hundred and fifty scoots and I got bupkis.

Jack grabs Hudgeons' arm to shut him up.

JACK
(intense)
Reynolds is dead. I was just at the motel. Somebody slit his throat.

HUDGEONS
Jesus... Jesus...

Hudgeons seems shocked until we realize...

HUDGEONS
Jack, that's a story. "Swish Actor Gets the Gay Blade." Let me get my camera.

Hudgeons starts away, but Jack holds onto him.

JACK
Loew didn't go with him. You're sure?

HUDGEONS
Do I look like Helen Keller to you?

Jack lets go of him, starts for Loew and Brett Chase.

HUDGEONS
Jackie? Big V? What are you doing?

146F BANDSTAND 146F

Brett Chase looks over, smiles as Jack wades his way toward them. Loew looks oddly distracted.

CHASE
Hey, Jack.

Trying to keep it together, Jack stares at Loew, gets closer than he should.

LOEW
Is something wrong, Sergeant?

(CONTINUED)

146B INT. FROLIC ROOM - NIGHT 146B

The BARTENDER walks down the bar to where Jack sits.

BARTENDER
Another, Jack?

JACK
Yeah.

As the Bartender turns for one, the bill Jack finds is the FIFTY Hudgeons gave him. The things he's done for fifty bucks... He looks at his reflection in the bar mirror. Is that him? The Bartender sets down the drink. He plucks the fifty from Jack's hand. Jack checks the clock. 11:15. With sudden resolution, he starts out.

BARTENDER
Hey, Jack! Your change!

146C EXT. HOLLYWOOD CENTER MOTEL - NIGHT 146C

Jack pulls up. Move with him as he gets out and heads with purpose for room seven. The TV's on inside. Jack knocks.

JACK
Kid? Matt?

Jack turns the knob. The door opens.

146D INT. HOLLYWOOD CENTER MOTEL - ROOM 7 - NIGHT 146D

Jack nearly trips over a body. Matt Reynolds. Soaked in blood. Throat slit. Jack looks down in horror as Reynolds seems to stare back up at him. Jack stumbles out the door. We hear his car door slam shut, the screech of rubber down the street.

146E INT. STAGE 4 - VARIETY INTERNATIONAL PICTURES - NIGHT 146E

The party's still going. Jack arrives. Crossing the dance floor, he shoves one couple out of the way, stops short when he spots Ellis Loew and Brett Chase talking by the bandstand.

HUDGEONS *
Jackie! I was trying to reach you.

JACK
Sid. I --

(CONTINUED)

146F CONTINUED: 146F

JACK
You tell me. What did you and Matt Reynolds talk about?

LOEW
Excuse me?

Hudgeons gets between Jack and Chase.

HUDGEONS
Jack, I think it's time to shove off.

Jack shoves him aside. As Hudgeons stumbles back, some people stop dancing, start to turn. *

CHASE
Jack, what're you doing?

But Loew's sweating it. And Jack notices something.

JACK
Where's your tie? You were wearing a tie before.

LOEW
Excuse me?

Chase smiles, tries to diffuse things.

CHASE
What do you got, a dress code all of a sudden?

Jack stares hard at Loew who doesn't answer.

CHASE
Jack, the show doesn't need this.

JACK
Fuck the show...
(to Loew)
Where's your fucking tie?! Did you leave it somewhere?!

(CONTINUED)

146F CONTINUED: (2) 146F

All eyes are on them as Loew calmly reaches into his jacket pocket, pulls out his tie. *

Jack blinks. Dead end. As he lets go, deflates... *

LOEW *
Vincennes, you're through. *

Jack looks to Chase, back at Loew, at some of the faces gaping at him. *

JACK
God, I fucking hope so. *

As Jack heads out... *

147 thru 150 OMITTED 147 thru 150

151 INT. 1736 WILCOX - LYNN'S ROOM - NIGHT 151

Spent, Bud and Lynn lie in bed. A brunette, she traces a finger over his bicep. They're quiet, lost in reverie. Then, Lynn's eye catches something tossed on a dresser: one of her blonde wigs. She becomes pensive. Sensing it, Bud follows her gaze. A beat, then... *

BUD *
It's okay. All they get is *
Veronica Lake. I get Lynn *
Margaret Bracken. *

Lynn looks back over, relaxes. He's read her mind. Bud changes the subject by picking up a pillow. A tassled job with a cactus and an embroidered Bisbee, Arizona. *

BUD
Bisbee?

LYNN
I grew up there.
(a beat)
Couple years I'm going back and open a dress shop. The girls in Bisbee need a little glamour.

Bud looks back to the pillow. He smiles, then starts to laugh.

LYNN
What's so funny?

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED: 151

BUD
Bisbee. It's almost as bad as Wendell.

They share a laugh.

LYNN
Nothing wrong with Wendell.
Nothing wrong with Bisbee either.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED: 151

Lynn's tracing finger stops at a white star. *

LYNN
Where'd this come from?

BUD
When I was twelve my old man went * after my mother with a bottle. * I got in the way. *

LYNN *
So you saved her. *

BUD *
Not for long. *

A bitter memory. *

LYNN *
I'm sorry, Bud. It's -- *

BUD *
He tied me to the radiator. I * watched him beat my mother to * death with a tire iron. He left * me there with her. Three days * till a truant officer found me. * They never found the old man. *

They look at each other a moment. Lynn reaches out, touches his face. Bud starts to pull back, but then lets her do it.

LYNN
Is that why you became a cop, Bud? To get even?

BUD
I don't know. Maybe.

LYNN
Do you like it?

BUD
I used to. Now it's all strong-arm, sitting duck stuff.

Lynn waits, knows there's more.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED: (2) 151

BUD
There's something wrong with the Nite Owl. That prick Exley -- He shot the wrong guys. Whoever killed my partner is still out there.

Frustrated, Bud pokes at his own chest.

BUD
In here I know it. But I can't prove it. I'm not smart enough. I'm just the guy they bring in to scare the other guy shitless.

LYNN
You're wrong. You found Patchett. You found me. You're smart enough.

There's conviction in her voice and Bud hears it.

152 EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - DAY 152

Exley stands in the trees as a PARK RANGER approaches.

PARK RANGER
I asked my men, Lieutenant. No one remembers any colored guys firing shotguns.

EXLEY
Then who phoned in the report?

PARK RANGER
Not us.

153 INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - FORENSICS LAB - DAY 153

Burgeoning with files and boxes of evidence. A size 16 facility in a size 8 dress. Ray Pinker looks up from his microscope as Bud enters. * * *

PINKER
Bud White, what brings you down to the basement?

BUD
I got a few Nite Owl questions.

PINKER
I don't know if you read the papers, but that case is closed.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED: 153

BUD
Anything bother you about it?

Pinker gestures to a pile of evidence loaded in cardboard boxes and manila envelopes. All are marked Nite Owl with the case number.

PINKER
Yeah. The fact the pack-up boys haven't hauled this shit out of here yet.

Bud just stands there eyeing the evidence. Like a bad penny, he won't go away. Sighing, Pinker points at some photos on the pile. The top one is a blow-up of shell casings.

PINKER
I got three shotguns, taken from the suspects, which match the strike marks on the shell casings. What more do you want?

Pinker goes back to his microscope. Undaunted, Bud steps over to the pile of evidence, picks up the crime scene photos. Among them is one which includes the wall next to one of the tables. There is a small splatter.

BUD
I thought they all got shot in the men's room.

PINKER
It's Stensland's blood.

BUD
Stensland?

PINKER
He took a blow to the head. Was probably unconscious when they dragged him into the john.

BUD
Did they hit anyone else?

PINKER
No. But he was a cop. He probably jumped up or something.

Bud checks out the tables in the photo, looks close.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED: (2) 153

BUD
Grilled cheese. Stens liked grilled cheese.

Bud points out there are two coffee cups on the table.

BUD
But someone was sitting with him. Next to him... How many of the victims were women?

PINKER
Two. Patty DeLuca, the late-shift waitress and Susan Lefferts.

As Pinker watches impatiently, Bud looks back at the photo, puts a finger on the table between the two coffee cups.

BUD
Sue Lefferts.

PINKER
What about her?

Bud doesn't answer. He's out the door.

154 EXT. LEFFERTS' HOUSE (SAN BERNARDINO) - DAY 154

A shingle shack dump. Bud walks the front steps, rings the bell. Hilda Lefferts answers. She doesn't look so good.

BUD
Mrs. Lefferts, I'm Officer White with the LAPD. I'd like to ask a couple of questions.

MRS. LEFFERTS
Let my daughter rest in peace.

BUD
Five minutes. That's all.

155 INT. LEFFERTS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 155

Pictures of Susan smile down from four walls. Vamp poses on a nightclub floor. Mrs. Lefferts is all twitchy and nervous, her eyes darting to a closed door.

BUD
Tell me about the boyfriend she had. The one you mentioned at the coroner's office.

MRS. LEFFERTS
First I want to go on record as saying that my Susie was a virgin when she died.

BUD
Ma'am, I'm sure she was.

Mrs. Lefferts talks directly to a photo of her daughter.

MRS. LEFFERTS
Susie, I told you I didn't approve of that boyfriend. He was too old for you. You let him be fresh to me. They came here one day when I wasn't home. Old Mrs. Jensen next door saw Susan's boyfriend and another man and she heard a ruckus. *

BUD
What was the boyfriend's name?

MRS. LEFFERTS
We were never properly introduced. Susan called him by a nickname. Muns or Lunts or something. *

BUD
Stens? Was it Stens?

MRS. LEFFERTS
Maybe. I don't know.

BUD
Look at a picture for me.

Bud hands her Stensland's photo ID. She recognizes him. *

MRS. LEFFERTS
That's him. That's him.

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED: 155

BUD
You said a neighbor heard a ruckus. Was it outside, inside?

MRS. LEFFERTS
Outside. Mrs. Jensen said they kept going under the house.

Mrs. Lefferts' eyes go crazy, darting to a closed door. Rolled towels are crammed against the bottom of it.

MRS. LEFFERTS
You'll have to leave now, Officer.

Bud starts for the closed door.

BUD
What's through here?

MRS. LEFFERTS
No! Please leave!

Bud kicks away the towels, opens the door, steps into...

156 INT. A DEN 156

Innocuous except for the smell. It hits Bud right off.

MRS. LEFFERTS
Don't mind the smell. I think a rat died behind the wall...

Bud's eyes are on the floor.

MRS. LEFFERTS
My Susie was a good girl!

As Mrs. Lefferts goes shrill, Bud beelines out the door.

157 EXT. LEFFERTS' HOUSE - DAY 157

Holding a flashlight, Bud crawls under the house, into...

158 INT. CRAWLSPACE 158

Bud elbow crawls over the dirt, between wood pilings.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED: 158

There's a long burlap sack up ahead. It smells bad. Bud rips burlap. A rat's nest explodes. Bud sweeps a forearm at them. As they clear, he sees a gristle-caked human skull staring back, a crack in the forehead.

Undaunted, Bud tears the burlap back further. He pats the corpse's pockets, comes up with a WALLET. Bud checks the ID. Leland Meeks. Bud knows him by that name and another.

BUD
Buzz Meeks... Holy shit.

159 EXT. LEFFERTS' HOUSE - DAY 159

Bud crawls out, blinking sunlight and gulping fresh air. Mrs. Lefferts is there. She's scared.

MRS. LEFFERTS
Was it... a rat?

BUD
Yeah. A great big one.

Bud opens Meeks' wallet, pulls out a couple hundred bucks and gives them to Mrs. Lefferts.

BUD
Here. Compliments of the Los Angeles Police Department.

159A OMITTED 159A *

159B INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - SQUAD ROOM - DAY 159B *

Exley sits staring at the Medal of Valor he holds in his hand. It's time to decide. Finally, he does. * *

EXLEY *
Absolute justice... *

As Exley returns the medal to a drawer... *

160 INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - FORENSICS LAB - DAY 160

Two STOREROOM TYPES are loading boxes of Nite Owl evidence onto a dolly when Exley enters. Seeing Exley, Pinker gestures to the coroner's report he's holding. *

PINKER
Stomach of the week from the autopsy room. Frankfurters with sauerkraut, french fries, Coca-Cola, alcohol and sperm. Jesus, what a last supper. *

As Pinker chuckles, Exley isn't amused.

EXLEY
The Nite Owl. Anything bothering you about that case?

PINKER
Yeah. The fact that you guys won't let it get filed away.

EXLEY
What are you talking about?

PINKER
Bud White grilled me on it this morning. You know, he's not as dumb as I thought.

Exley's head swims.

EXLEY
You know where he was going after he talked to you?

161 EXT. LEFFERTS' HOUSE - DAY 161

Mrs. Lefferts waters the grass, watches as a car pulls up. Exley gets out, starts toward her. She drops the hose and runs for the front door. Exley cuts her off.

MRS. LEFFERTS
Let my Susie rest in peace!

EXLEY
Mrs. Lefferts, I just want to ask a few questions.

MRS. LEFFERTS
Officer White already checked under the house and found not a thing amiss. *

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED: 161

Reacting, Exley spots the entrance to the crawlspace. *

MRS. LEFFERTS *
All he found were rodents. No *
signs of foul play. So there. *

Exley hurries over, enters nearly flat on his belly. *
Mrs. Lefferts calls in after him. *

*

MRS. LEFFERTS
My daughter was a virgin!

EXLEY'S VOICE
I don't doubt it -- Oh God.

162 INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY 162

Exley walks alongside as a body bag is wheeled into the autopsy room atop a gurney. The Coroner steps over.

EXLEY
I need an ID ASAP. You talk only to me on this one.

162A OMITTED 162A *

163 INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - NARCO PEN - DAY 163 *

Jack sits brooding at his desk. The corkboard is bare. *
Jack barely notices as Exley steps up. *

EXLEY
Vincennes, I need your help with something.

JACK
I'm kind of busy right now, lieutenant. Take it up with one *
of your boys in Homicide. *

EXLEY
I can't. I need someone outside *
of Homicide. I want you to follow *
Bud White. Until he goes on *
duty tonight. *

JACK
Even I'm not that crazy.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED: 163

EXLEY
Word from the Chief's office is the D.A. wants you suspended. Do this and I'll put in a good word for you.

JACK
Do me a real favor. Leave me alone.

EXLEY
Listen, I think I made a mistake.

JACK
(stands to go)
I ain't a priest, Lieutenant. I can't hear your confession.

EXLEY
Do you make the three Negroes for the Nite Owl killings?

JACK
What?

EXLEY
It's a simple question.

JACK
You should be the last person who wants to dig any deeper into the Nite Owl, Lieutenant.

Exley watches as Jack starts away. Then:

EXLEY
Rollo Tomasi.

Jack stops, looks back at him.

JACK
Is there more to that, or do I have to guess?

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED: (2) 163

EXLEY
Rollo was a purse snatcher. My father ran into him off duty. He shot my father six times and got away clean. No one even knew who he was. I made the name up to give him some personality.

JACK
So what's the point?

EXLEY
Rollo Tomasi is the reason I became a cop. I wanted to catch the guys who thought they could get away with it. It was supposed to be about justice. But somewhere along the way I lost that... How about you, Jack? Why'd you become a cop?

Jack looks like he might cry, but smiles instead.

JACK
I don't remember...

Both men are quiet a moment.

JACK
I'm trying to figure what angle you're playing <u>this</u> time, but I sure as hell can't see one.

EXLEY
I've given up angles for awhile. I just want to solve this thing.

JACK
The Nite Owl was solved, Lieutenant.

EXLEY
I want to do it right.

JACK
Even if you pay the consequences?

Exley nods. Jack looks at him a beat.

JACK
Okay, college boy, I'll help you. But I want help on a homicide case. Deal?

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED: (3) 163

EXLEY *
Deal. *

Jack nods. They're partners. *

164 EXT. THE FORMOSA - DAY 164

A Packard pulls up out front. Bud gets out, heads inside. Another car pulls up across the street.

165 CLOSE ON JACK 165

Watching Bud. Jack gets out, starts across the street.

166 INT. THE FORMOSA - THE BAR - DAY 166

At the bar, Johnny Stompanato looks over as Bud joins him. Stompanato isn't happy about it, but he smiles anyway,

STOMPANATO
Wendell White, how's tricks, paesano?

BUD
I ain't your paesano, you wop cocksucker.

Nervous, Johnny taps his pinkie ring on a bottle of beer.

STOMPANATO
What do you want, Officer?

BUD
You remember an ex-cop named Buzz Meeks? He works for a guy named Patchett.

Johnny taps his ring harder. The bottle almost tips.

STOMPANATO
Should I?

BUD
His file listed you as a known associate. Now spill.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED: 166

STOMPANATO
Oh yeah. That was a long time ago. Before your day. The last few years he's been muscle for hire. But I heard he's disappeared.

BUD
More.

STOMPANATO
More's gonna cost you.

Bud's hand flashes out, grabs Stompanato by the crotch.

BUD
How 'bout I give you your balls back?

STOMPANATO
(in considerable pain)
There was a rumor going around that Meeks had a line on Mickey's missing heroin.

BUD
Bullshit. He was a two-bit ex-cop.

STOMPANATO
I'm just telling you what I heard. Meeks knew something.

Bud loosens his grip. Stompanato gasps for air.

167 INT. THE DOOR (THE FORMOSA) - DAY 167

Jack peeks in, catches a glimpse of Bud and Stompanato. Too far away to hear anything, Jack quickly ducks out.

168 INT. THE BAR (THE FORMOSA) - DAY 168

Stompanato's recovering.

STOMPANATO
If Meeks got the horse, he's probably in Rio or someplace like that by now.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED: 168

BUD
He's under a house in Silverlake. *
And he don't smell too good. *
What happened to the heroin,
Johnny?

STOMPANATO
I don't know. I swear it!

Bud starts to raise a hand. Stompanato cringes, but Bud just slaps a twenty down on the bar and goes.

169 EXT. 1736 WILCOX (LYNN BRACKEN'S) - DUSK 169

Jack pulls up, sees Bud knock on the front door. It opens and Bud steps in. Jack doesn't see who opens it.

170 EXT. BUSHES - OUTSIDE 1736 WILCOX (LYNN'S) - NIGHT 170

Leaves rustle. There's movement in the underbrush. Jack appears, followed by Exley. Jack pulls a gun as they near a window. They talk in hushed whispers.

EXLEY
What's that for?

JACK
Bud White. He sees us and we're dead.

They press up to the glass for a partial view. Bud White sits on a footstool massaging a pair of women's feet. Jack and Exley exchange a long, curious look. This isn't the Bud White they're used to. A pair of women's hands take Bud, the arms covered in glitter and satin.

The woman, Lynn Bracken, leans forward to kiss her policeman. It may have been a long day, but she's every inch Veronica Lake. Only the hair's not over her eye.

They stand, kiss again. Lynn's gown spills down around her ankles. Bud scoops Lynn into his arms and the two of them disappear up the stairs. A long beat before...

JACK
Jesus... Maybe White's not so dumb after all.

170A EXT. CARS - A BLOCK FROM 1736 WILCOX (LYNN'S) - NIGHT 170A *

Exley and Jack arrive at their cars. *

EXLEY *
Rita Hayworth at the morgue and *
now Veronica Lake with White.
What the hell's going on?

JACK
I'm not sure, but I think your
case and my case are connected.
It's Fleur-de-Lis again.

EXLEY
Fleur-de-Lis?

JACK
"Whatever you desire." Porno,
high line whores with plastic
surgery to look like movie stars.
Who knows what else? Reynolds,
the kid who was killed, was
involved. So's Pierce Patchett.

EXLEY
Pierce Patchett the millionaire?

JACK
(nods)
I think we should go talk to him.

EXLEY
First I want to brace Stompanato.

171 OMITTED 171 *

172 INT. THE FORMOSA - NIGHT 172

Exley and Jack enter, scan. There's Stompanato with a *
girl who looks amazingly like "LANA TURNER." Engrossed,
Stompanato doesn't look up till Exley's nearly on top of
him. Jack follows. *

STOMPANATO
Hey, you want an autograph, write
to M-G-M.

EXLEY
Since when do two-bit hoods and
hookers give out autographs?

(CONTINUED)

172 CONTINUED: (A1) 172

STOMPANATO
What?

As Stompanato stands, Exley flashes his badge. Jack takes a look at "Lana," whose back is to them. *

EXLEY
LAPD. Sit down.

"LANA"
Who in the hell do you think you are?

JACK *
Ed -- *

EXLEY
(to "Lana") *
Take a walk, honey, before I haul your ass downtown.

"LANA"
WHO IN THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?!

JACK *
Ed -- *

EXLEY *
Just a minute, Jack. *

STOMPANATO
You are making a large mistake.

Lana tosses a drink in Exley's face... *

"LANA"
Get away from our table!

EXLEY
(grabs her wrist)
Shut up. Being cut to look like Lana Turner doesn't mean you are Lana Turner.

Jack pulls him aside.

JACK
She is Lana Turner.

EXLEY
What?

JACK
She is Lana Turner.

173 EXT. THE FORMOSA - NIGHT 173

Grim, Exley and Jack exit, cross the street. Finally...

EXLEY
How was I supposed to know?

A moment before Jack starts to laugh. Exley joins him.

ED
Come on. We'll take my car. *
*

174 EXT. 416 DUNDEE DRIVE (PATCHETT'S) - NIGHT 174

Exley's Plymouth is parked on the street.

175 INT. 416 DUNDEE DRIVE (PATCHETT'S) - LIBRARY - NIGHT 175 *

In a silk robe, the unflappable Pierce Patchett smiles at Exley. Jack stands alongside.

PATCHETT
I believe the Nite Owl's your area of expertise, Mr. Exley. I saw you on television getting your medal.
(turns to Jack)
And you're that other celebrity Hollywood policeman, aren't you?

A beat. Exley and Jack don't appreciate being joked with.

EXLEY
The Veronica Lake look-alike works for you. She's one of your whores, correct?

PATCHETT
That's a vulgar term.

EXLEY
Why's she seeing Bud White?

PATCHETT
Why do men and women usually see each other?

JACK
How about Fleur-de-lis? An actor named Matt Reynolds?

Patchett frowns at Jack like he's speaking Chinese.

EXLEY
We want some answers, Patchett.

PATCHETT
(unfazed)
Then try talking to my lawyer. Good evening, gentlemen.

176 EXT. 416 DUNDEE DRIVE (PATCHETT'S) - NIGHT 176

Exley and Jack head for the car.

JACK
Guy's as cool as they come.

A call crackles in over Exley's radio. Exley picks up.

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED: (A1) 176

EXLEY
This is Exley.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE (V.O.)
The Coroner wants to talk to you, Lieutenant. Says he has your ID.

EXLEY
Tell him Sergeant Vincennes is coming in to talk to him. *
(to Jack) *
I'll drop you at your car. *

JACK
What are you going to do?

EXLEY
I'm going to Lynn Bracken's. I'll meet you at the Frolic Room. *

JACK
Great. You get the girl; I get the coroner.

177 INT. 416 DUNDEE DRIVE (PATCHETT'S) - LIBRARY - NIGHT 177

Watching Exley and Vincennes from the window, Patchett picks up the phone.

HUDGEONS' VOICE
(over phone)
Hush-Hush. Off the record and on the QT.

178 INT. 1736 WILCOX (LYNN'S) - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 178

Knocking on the door. Lynn answers to reveal Exley.

EXLEY
Miss Bracken, I'm Lieutenant Exley.

LYNN
I know who you are. Bud told me all about you.

EXLEY
Is that so? What did he say?

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED: (A1) 178

LYNN
He said you were smart. He also said you were a coward. That you'd screw yourself to get ahead.

Exley lets it pass. As he enters...

EXLEY
Let's concentrate on my smarts. Pierce Patchett made you, didn't he? He taught you how to dress and talk and think, and I am very impressed with the results. But I need some answers and if I don't get them, I'm going to take you and Patchett down.

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED: 178

LYNN
Pierce Patchett can take care of himself and I'm not afraid of you. And you forget one thing, Lieutenant. Pierce also taught me how to fuck.

EXLEY
And he tells you who to fuck. Why does he have you fucking Bud White?

LYNN
What makes you think I'm not fucking Bud because I want to?

Exley scoffs.

LYNN
It would be easier for you if there was an angle, wouldn't it? You're afraid of Bud because you can't figure how to play him. He doesn't follow the same rules of politics as you do. It makes him dangerous.

EXLEY
I can handle Bud White.

LYNN
Can you? I see Bud because I want to. I see Bud because he can't hide the warmth he has inside him.

EXLEY
I'll take your word for it.

LYNN
I see Bud because he makes me feel like Lynn Bracken and not some Veronica Lake look-alike who fucks for money. I see Bud because he doesn't know how to disguise who he is. I see him for all the ways he's different than you.

Exley stews.

EXLEY
Don't underestimate me, Miss Bracken.

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED: (2) 178

LYNN
The way you've underestimated Bud White?

Exley's had it. A menacing step forward. Lynn's smile becomes a laugh. Lost to himself, Exley leans in and kisses her. Lynn pulls back.

LYNN
Fucking me and fucking Bud aren't the same thing you know.

EXLEY
Stop talking about Bud White.

He kisses her again. She kisses back. In a beat they're rolling to the floor shedding clothes. As they trash the furniture, Lynn looks over his shoulder at her reflection in a closet door mirror. Or is she looking past that?

179 INT. CLOSET 179

Behind two-way glass. Sid Hudgeons is in here snapping pictures. As Lynn and Exley continue with their frantic lovemaking...

180 INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT 180

The Coroner rubs his tired eyes.

CORONER
God bless dental records. Stiff used to be a cop. Leland Meeks.

JACK
Buzz Meeks?

CORONER
You knew him?

JACK
Of him. He was around when I first joined the force. A bad egg.

The Coroner couldn't could care less. As Jack's wheels turn...

181 INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - RECORDS ROOM - NIGHT 181

Jack looks up from a personnel file as a female CLERK approaches. *
*

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED: 181

CLERK *
Anything else, sergeant? *

JACK *
Leland Meeks worked Ad Vice from *
'39 to '41. Let me see his *
arrest records. *

182 OMITTED 182 *

183 INT. 1736 WILCOX (LYNN'S) - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 183

Spent, Exley and Lynn sit half-dressed on the floor. They're quiet. Then, through a smile:

EXLEY
How was I?

LYNN
Oh, the best I ever had. Absolutely the best.

EXLEY
(laughs)
You sound like you mean it.

LYNN
The silver screen's loss is your gain.

EXLEY
What about Lynn Bracken?

LYNN
Is she going to be a hooker all her life?

EXLEY
Something like that.

LYNN
I came out here with a dream. I settled for a reality.

EXLEY
Some reality.

LYNN
This is the means to the reality. But I'm not going to tell you what that is.

EXLEY
Why not?

LYNN
Because you'd use it against me. Wouldn't you?

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED: 183

Exley doesn't answer, but the answer is yes. Lynn smiles.

LYNN
Like recognizes like. You're tougher than Bud thinks you are.

EXLEY
(smiles)
You're the first person to ever call me tough.

LYNN
I'm also the first person to call Bud White smart.

As Exley considers this...

184 INT. CLOSET 184

Exasperated that he's still stuck in here, Sid Hudgeons checks his watch, shakes his head in disgust.

184A INT. FROLIC ROOM - NIGHT 184A

At the bar, Jack checks his watch, looks to the door.

JACK
Come on, Exley. Where are you?

Deciding, Jack gets up to go.

184B EXT. FROLIC ROOM - NIGHT 184B

Jack exits, heads for his car. Hold on the marquee at the Pantages.

185 EXT. 9608 VENDOME, SILVERLAKE (DUDLEY'S HOUSE) - NIGHT 185

Jack knocks at a darkened house. The porch light comes on. The door opens to reveal Dudley Smith in his bathrobe.

DUDLEY
John Vincennes. It's nearly, * midnight, lad. *

JACK
Two minutes, Dudley. It's important.

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED: 185

DUDLEY
Lucky for you that my wife and four fair daughters are at the beach in Santa Barbara.

186 INT. 9608 VENDOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT 186

Jack sits at the table. Dudley reheats coffee at the stove. *
*

JACK
You remember Buzz Meeks, Dudley?

DUDLEY
He was unfit to be a policeman. * Straight D fitness reports from every C.O. he ever served under. What about him?

JACK
Twelve years ago he worked a vice roust with Dick Stensland. They questioned Pierce Patchett on a blackmail scam. Patchett had Sid Hudgeons photographing prominent businessmen with hookers. Charges got dropped. Insufficient evidence. You were supervising officer on the case and I was * wondering if you remember anything about it?

DUDLEY
What's this all about, lad? *

JACK
Part of it has to do with a murder. I've been working with Ed Exley on it.

DUDLEY
You're Narco, Lad, not Homicide. And since when do you work with Edmund?

JACK
It's a private investigation. I fucked something up and I want to make amends.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED: 186

DUDLEY
(smiles, then...)
Don't start trying to do the right thing, John. You haven't had enough practice.

Dudley walks over, hands Jack his coffee.

DUDLEY
Buzz Meeks and Dick Stensland. *
What does Exley make of it all? *

JACK
I haven't told him. I came *
straight from the records room. *
*
Without warning, Dudley raises a revolver. He fires it *
at point blank range right into Jack's heart. Jack hits the floor, his cheek pressed flat on the linoleum.

Jack opens his mouth to speak. His lips form the words, but no sound comes out. Dudley crouches down beside him.

DUDLEY
Have you a valediction, lad?

Dudley leans low, gives Jack an ear. As he dies...

JACK
Rollo Tomasi. He knows. *

Dudley frowns in ignorance at the name.

187 INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY 187

Nothing mobilizes the police like losing one of their own. Dudley is at the podium along with Exley. Dozens of detectives take notes including Bud White.

DUDLEY
Sgt. Vincennes was killed by a *
single .38 round to the heart.
Although he was found in Echo *
Park, preliminary forensics *
indicate the body may have been *
moved. I want two man teams to *
scour the area. That means *
knocking on every door. Jack *
was one of our own, gentlemen. *
We cannot tolerate it. Justice
must be swift and merciless.
That's all.

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED: 187

As the men move off, Dudley approaches Exley.

DUDLEY
Edmund, a word with you. We're trying to get a lead on an associate of Vincennes. A records check has reached a dead end.

EXLEY
What's the name?

DUDLEY
Rollo Tomasi.

Exley tries to look like he's thinking as Jack calls from the grave. Screaming the name DUDLEY!

DUDLEY
Have you ever heard Vincennes mention him?

EXLEY
No. No I haven't.

DUDLEY
It may be nothing, but keep your ears open.

As Dudley moves off, Exley watches him go. Scared.

188 INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - BUD'S DESK - DAY 188

Bud looks over as Dudley sits down across from him.

DUDLEY
You're perplexing to me these days, Wendell. You're not your old cruel self anymore. And I had plans for your future. I need proof that they still remain within your grasp.

BUD
What plans?

DUDLEY
I've long been involved in containing hard crime in such a way that I and a few colleagues might someday enjoy a profit dispensation.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED: 188

DUDLEY (CONT'D)
That day will soon be here and you'll share handsomely. Imagine the police in control and extrapolate from there. It's big, lad. *

BUD
Talk straight, Dudley. You lost me. *

DUDLEY
You have your extracurricular secrets; I have mine. We'll hold a clarification session soon. For now, I need your fearsome old habits at the Victory Motel. We're going to brace a man who may know who killed Jack Vincennes. Can I count on you?

BUD
Sure, boss. Sure you can.

189 INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY 189

The Coroner looks up as Exley enters.

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED: 189

EXLEY
I want to know what you and Jack Vincennes talked about last night. Anything and everything. Start with the ID on the corpse.

A put-upon Coroner sighs.

CORONER
An ex-cop. Leland 'Buzz' Meeks.

Exley's wheels are turning.

EXLEY
We got Stensland, ex-cop, dead at the Nite Owl with a girl who looks like Rita Hayworth. Another ex-cop, dead under the house of Rita's mother. Not a good week for ex-cops.

CORONER
I got Vincennes in the next room. It's not a good week for cops in general.

190 EXT. VICTORY MOTEL - DAY 190

A rain storm has turned the courtyard into a mud bath. As usual a light burns in Room 5. Bud White parks alongside the other cars already there. He makes a dash for the door. *

191 INT. VICTORY MOTEL - ROOM 5 - DAY 191 *

Sid Hudgeons is cuffed to the hot seat. Dudley sits across from him. Dudley's henchman Breuning looms. Bud enters.

DUDLEY
This is Mr. Hudgeons, Wendell.

HUDGEONS
I'm happy to cooperate. You don't need to tie me down.

DUDLEY
It's for your own safety. Now what can you tell us about Sergeant John Vincennes?

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED: 191

HUDGEONS
Hollywood Jack. The Big V. I can tell you he's on the Night Train to the big adios. *

Breuning cuffs Hudgeons on the side of the head.

HUDGEONS
Take it easy! I didn't have anything to do with him getting killed if that's what you mean.

DUDLEY
But you were business associates?

HUDGEONS
What does that have to do --

Breuning cuffs him again.

HUDGEONS
Okay so we worked together. It was an information exchange. I got him first class collars and he got me good stories. We were friends for Chrissakes!

DUDLEY
Alright. We'll drop that line for now. Next topic. Please comment on Pierce Patchett.

Bud looks over at mention of the name.

HUDGEONS
You think he had something to do with Vincennes getting iced?

Dudley sighs, looks to Bud.

DUDLEY
Wendell. I want full and docile cooperation on all topics.

Hudgeons flinches as Bud steps up, twice Breuning's size.

HUDGEONS
Okay. Okay. Everyone knows Patchett's worth a boatload of greenbacks. From aviation, freeway construction. But the man has hobbies, too.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED: (2) 191

HUDGEONS (CONT'D)
He bankrolls B movies under the table. And try this on: he's rumored to be a periodic heroin sniffer. All in all, a powerful behind-the-scenes strange-o.

DUDLEY
And?

HUDGEONS
And what?

Bud digs a fist into Hudgeon's gut. As Hudgeons gasps to get his breath back.

DUDLEY
Reciprocity, Mr. Hudgeons, is the key to all relationships.

HUDGEONS
He runs call girls. Primo tail. Fixed up like movie stars.

Bud looms, rests his hands on the back of Hudgeons' chair. He doesn't like where this is going.

DUDLEY
And?

HUDGEONS
In my car. Blackmail shit. The trunk under the carpet. Patchett got me to photograph a cop fucking this gorgeous piece of tail Lynn, looks just like Veronicaaa -- *

Wooden slats pop as Bud tears the bolted chair right out of the floor. Hudgeons and the chair land sideways leaving a hole behind in the floor.

DUDLEY
Wendell!

Bud can't hear him. He uprights the chair one-handed. As his fist cocks back, he's restrained by Breuning and Dudley. This is no act. They can barely hold Bud back.

HUDGEONS
Get him away from me!

Bud breaks free, heads outside.

192 EXT. HUDGEONS' CAR - VICTORY MOTEL - DAY 192

Bud jams a tire iron into the trunk seam and pops it with a ferocious yank. He tears at the carpeting. A manila envelope. Bud rips it open and 8X10 glosses of Exley and Lynn spill out. Raindrops dot them, as Bud's in his Packard and tearing out of there.

193 INT. VICTORY MOTEL - ROOM 5 - DAY 193

Dudley and Breuning watch from the door.

DUDLEY
I wouldn't trade places with Edmund Exley right now for all the tea in China.

Breuning laughs. So does Hudgeons.

HUDGEONS
Dudley, I thought you were gonna let the dumb bastard kill me.
(to Breuning)
And you! Learn to pull those punches a little better.

Dudley and Breuning stare at him. A bit grimly.

HUDGEONS
You can uncuff me now, fellas.

But no one moves to do so.

HUDGEONS
Fellas?
(nervous)
We had a deal. You, me and Patchett. We're a team!
(scared)
Come on, we're friends. We're --

As Hudgeons protests, Dudley slaps a hand over his mouth.

DUDLEY
Hush-hush...

As Breuning moves in...

194 INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - RECORDS ROOM - DAY 194

Exley watches as a wormish CLERK searches dusty filing cabinets filled with Arrest Records dating from the late thirties to the early forties. She looks up. *

(CONTINUED)

194 CONTINUED: 194

EXLEY
So Meeks made no arrests from 1939 to '41? *

CLERK
Someone must've pulled the files.

Exley ponders the implications.

EXLEY
I want to look at the old duty rosters. *

CLERK
The duty rosters?

EXLEY
Show me where they are.

195 EXT. 1736 WILCOX (LYNN BRACKEN'S) - DAY 195

Blue, Lynn sits on her porch watching the rain come down. A screeching on the wet street as Bud's Packard pulls up. She watches as he get out and starts for the house. Lynn stands, holds her arms out. Bud stops short on the steps, out of reach, the rain soaking him.

BUD
Did you talk to Exley?

LYNN
Come in out of the rain. In the morning we'll have both our stories for breakfast.

Lightning flashes. Bud shakes his head.

BUD
I want to know about Exley.

LYNN
He's the opposite of you. He's more like me. Cold, calculating.

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED: 195

BUD
How'd you get to know so much about him?

More lightning. Lynn looks god-awful sad.

LYNN
Come in out of the rain, Bud.

BUD
You gonna tell me what happened with you and Exley?

LYNN
We talked.

BUD
So tell me about it.

LYNN
(looking away)
In the morning.

BUD
No. Now.
(a beat)
You fucked him.

Too tired to lie anymore, Lynn finally just nods.

LYNN
I thought I was helping you. I thought --

Bud backhands her hard. Lynn faces straight into the next one as Bud hits her again. A third time as the sins of the father are visited on the son. Bud stops short as the self-realization slams home. Lynn waits stoically. She doesn't start crying till Bud turns and runs back into the rain.

196 INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - RECORDS ROOM - DAY 196

Drawers are open. Files are everywhere. Exley flips through old duty rosters. Sign out sheets on patrol cars. On July 27, 1938 Dick Stensland in car 6. Exley slides a finger over to the name of his partner that day: Leland Meeks! Listed on top, the watch commander: Sgt. Dudley Smith! Exley ripples through the following weeks. The three names linked together time after time. *

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED: 196

Exley looks up at the sound of footsteps and Bud is there quietly looking across at Exley.

EXLEY
White. I'm glad you're here...

Bud holds it up for Exley to see, a crumpled glossy of him and Lynn. Only now does Bud's fury show through. He moves in. Exley's boxed in by files.

EXLEY
Wait --

Bud's slams Exley, knocks him flat. He's here to kill him. He hauls Exley up, pummels him, then throws him over a table. The WOMAN FILE CLERK jumps up, flees out the door. * Bud and Exley ricochet down the narrow aisle of file * cabinets, then hit the floor. Bud tries to shove the photo * down a gagging Exley's throat.

Exley's flailing hand finds Bud's .38. Yanking it from his waistband, Exley smashes Bud in the forehead. Bud reels, drops the photos. Blind with rage he moves back in only to have the barrel of the .38 placed between his eyes.

EXLEY
Listen to me. Dudley killed Jack. He --
(re: photo)
Dudley showed you that, didn't he? Didn't he?

Bud slaps the gun away, drops Exley to the ground. He begins slamming his head into the floor.

EXLEY
He wanted you to kill me. Think goddamn you! Dudley... *

Exley's almost out. But maybe Bud heard him. The attack slows, switches gears as Bud releases Exley and takes his * rage out by knocking over several filing cabinets. *

Exley stays conscious, looks on as Bud masters himself. * The door opens revealing two detectives and the woman * file clerk. *

BUD *
Stay the fuck out of here! *

The door closes. Bud's eyes are on the photos of Lynn on * the floor. *

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED: (1A) 196

BUD *
Dudley. Dudley set me up. *

EXLEY
I checked the duty rosters, *
Dudley and Meeks and Stensland
go way back.

Things begin to click for Bud.

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED: (2) 196

BUD
I knew Stensland lied to me. Lefferts' mother IDed Stensland as Lefferts' boyfriend, but Stens pretended he didn't know her or Meeks the night I met Lynn.

EXLEY
(sitting up)
Stensland and Meeks. What were they up to?

BUD
Two man triggers knocking off Mickey Cohen lieutenants. Stensland and Buzz Meeks.

EXLEY
When they killed Deuce Perkins, they got twenty-five pounds of heroin as a bonus.

BUD
Then something goes wrong. Meeks gets killed. Maybe Stens got greedy, killed Meeks and left him under his girlfriend's house.
(a beat)
The night he died, Stens said he had a hot date.

EXLEY
The Nite Owl! Stensland was going there to sell the heroin.

BUD
But then something goes really wrong. Somebody knew about it.

EXLEY
It wasn't the Negroes. The Griffith Park report was a phony. The first guys to the maroon Merc were Breuning and Carlisle. *

BUD
Dudley's guys.

EXLEY
They didn't find the shotguns. They planted them.

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED: (3) 196

A beat as the magnitude of it all begins to sink in.

EXLEY
Somehow it's all connected to Jack's angle. Sid Hudgeons. Pictures to blackmail Ellis Loew. A kid got murdered. If we're going to figure this out, Bud, we need to work together.

Bud takes one last look at the photo, decides. Reaching out a hand, he pulls Exley to his feet.

BUD
Let's go see the D.A., find out what he knows.

197 INT. CRIMINAL JUSTICE BLDG. - D.A.'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY 197

A SECRETARY looks up as Bud and Exley beeline Loew's door.

SECRETARY
You can't go in there!

198 INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S INNER OFFICE - DAY 198

Loew looks up as they burst in.

SECRETARY
Do you want me to call the police, Mr. Loew?

EXLEY
Ask for Captain Dudley Smith. We'll have a party. Hot dogs and sauerkraut.

A beat as Loew considers his options.

LOEW
It's okay. These are police.
(as she leaves)
What do you want?

EXLEY
I want D.A. bureau men to tail Dudley Smith and Pierce Patchett twenty-four hours a day; I want you to get a judge to authorize wire taps on their home phones; I want authorization to check their bank records and I want it all in an hour.

(CONTINUED)

198 CONTINUED: 198

LOEW
On what evidence?

EXLEY
None. Call it a hunch.

LOEW
(incredulous)
Absolutely not. Dudley Smith is a highly decorated member of this city's police department. I won't smear his and Pierce Patchett's names without --

EXLEY
Without what, them smearing yours first? What do they have on you, Loew? Pictures of you and an out of work actor with your pants down?

LOEW
Do you have any proof?

EXLEY
The proof had his throat slit.
(a beat)
So far you're not denying it.

LOEW
I'm not going to dignify you with answers. If you'll excuse me, I've got a Jack Vincennes press conference to prepare for.

Loew enters his bathroom. Bud looks to Exley who nods: GO.

199 INT. OFFICE BATHROOM - DAY 199

Loew is at the mirror clipping a few stray nose hairs. Bud enters full of menace followed by Exley.

LOEW
Unless you're here to wipe my ass, I think we're through.

Bud just glares at him. Loew shakes his head.

LOEW
Don't try this good cop/bad cop crap with me. I practically invented it.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

199 CONTINUED: 199

LOEW (CONT'D)
And so what if some homo actor is dead. Boys, girls, ten of them step off the bus to L.A. every day.

The mirror spiderwebs as Bud slams Loew's face into it. Bud swings him around, forces him forward and shoves his head in the toilet. He holds it there, finally lets Loew up for breath. Then backhands: one, two, three.

BUD
Pierce Patchett. Dudley Smith. Spill.

LOEW
Call him off, Exley!

EXLEY
I don't know how.

More backhands. Holding Loew by the scruff of the neck, Bud marches him past Exley and back into the...

200 INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S INNER OFFICE 200 *

Bud heaves up the window, practically throws Loew through it. Loew catches hold of the window framing. Bud hammers his hands loose with a fist and pushes him through.

201 EXT. OFFICE WINDOW 201

Bud holds his leg. Loew screams as coins, comb and wallet spill from his pockets, plummet toward the street below.

202 INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S INNER OFFICE - DAY 202

Bud shakes Loew, could drop him at any time.

EXLEY
Bud...

BUD
You think you're the A-number-one fucking hotshot. Well here's the juice, shitbird. If I let you go, there'll be ten more lawyers to take your place tomorrow. They just won't come on the bus, that's all. They'll slither down from the hills and crawl up from the sewers like you did. * * * * * * * *

203 EXT. OFFICE WINDOW 203

We hear Loew's pant leg tearing loose.

LOEW
Okay! Okay! Pierce Patchett and Dudley! I wouldn't play ball so they hatched this blackmail scheme to destroy me. I capitulated. The kid heard everything and so they killed him.

EXLEY
Why? What are Patchett and Dudley up to?

More tearing. Loew's life may depend on the answer.

LOEW
They're taking over Mickey Cohen's rackets. Because of those pictures I won't be able to prosecute. Oh Jesus, pull me up!

204 INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S INNER OFFICE - DAY 204

Exley helps pull Loew back inside. Bud dumps him on the floor. Bruised and bloodied, Loew looks up at Exley.

LOEW
Patchett and Dudley have everyone under their thumb. Not just me, but City Councilmen, the Chief of Police, everybody!

Exley pulls his .38, shoves it into the side of Loew's neck.

EXLEY
Not everybody. You tip them off and Officer White visits you alone next time.

Loew looks at Bud, nods, his face a bloody mess.

204A EXT. CRIMINAL JUSTICE BUILDING - DAY 204A

Exley and Bud head down the street.

BUD
Let's just kill them.

EXLEY
What?

(CONTINUED)

204A CONTINUED: 204A

BUD
I've been trying to be smart. A detective. But killing those two fuckers, that would be justice. For Jack, for Stensland, for anybody else who got in the way.

EXLEY
Stay smart, Bud. We build a case. We play by the rules.

BUD
There are no rules! Why the fuck are you doing this? The Nite Owl made you. You want to tear all that down?

EXLEY
With a wrecking ball. You want to help me swing it?

Bud smiles. For a second he likes Exley.

205 EXT. 416 DUNDEE DRIVE (PATCHETT'S) - DAY 205

Exley and Bud make their way up the walk. Bud pulls his .38 from its shoulder holster, shoves it in his waistband.

EXLEY
You expecting problems?

(CONTINUED)

205 CONTINUED: 205

BUD
Patchett uses lots of ex-cop muscle.

Exley rings the buzzer. They wait. Looking back, Bud sees a pitching wedge and pile of golf balls abandoned in the grass. Bud's eyes narrow at the sight. Not like Patchett at all.

BUD
Come on.

And Bud shoulders the heavy door right off its hinges.

206 INT. HALLWAY (416 DUNDEE DRIVE) - DAY 206

Bud draws his .38 as he strides in. Exley tries to keep up.

EXLEY
(a screaming whisper)
What?

Double doors on the left open into a library. Ahead, a man sits in a chair, his back to us. Patchett?

207 INT. LIBRARY (416 DUNDEE DRIVE) - DAY 207

Bud enters, slowly lowers his gun. Exley steps up beside him. Patchett's arms hang limply at his sides, a pool of blood under each. His wrists have been slit, but even in death there's something elegant about him.

EXLEY
Doesn't look like his ex-cop did him much good.

After exchanging a look, Bud checks the body while Exley heads for a desk on which rests a typed sheet of paper.

Bud checks Patchett's right hand, the knuckles are split, two of the fingers badly distended.

EXLEY
It's a suicide note. Says he killed Jack because Jack had figured out a pornography scam Patchett was running.

BUD
Slicing himself open wasn't his idea. Two of his fingers are broken.

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED: 207

EXLEY
Jesus. To bleed to death. They must have held him here. *

BUD
Or tied him. * *

EXLEY
I'd say Dudley's tying up his loose ends. Patchett's dead... He sent you after me. * * *

BUD
(it hits him)
Lynn.

Bud dashes to the phone, dials. It rings. No one answers.

EXLEY
I got a guy who owes me in the Sheriff's department. West Hollywood Station. He can be at her house in two minutes.

Bud shoves the phone into his hand.

BUD
Call him.

208 EXT. 1736 WILCOX (LYNN BRACKEN'S) - DAY 208

A County Sheriff's unmarked parked out front. A DEPUTY behind the wheel. Exley's Plymouth pulls up behind. The Deputy gets out. MOVE WITH him as he steps back to Exley who's rolling down his window.

EXLEY
Is she inside?

DEPUTY
We took her to the station for safekeeping. Someone worked her over pretty good. She wouldn't say who.

Exley looks at Bud. Bud looks down in shame.

(CONTINUED)

208 CONTINUED: 208

EXLEY
Hold her as Joan Smith. No one sees her unless I okay it.

DEPUTY
You got it, Exley. And now we're even.

As the Deputy moves off.

EXLEY
We should talk to Lynn.

Bud just stares at him a beat.

EXLEY
You want to talk to her?

Bud looks away, shakes his head no.' Finally...

BUD
You do it.

EXLEY
What are you going to do?

BUD
I'm going to pay a visit to Sid Hudgeons. Compliment him on his performance at the Victory Motel. Just about now he should be putting the finishing touches on his "Cop Kills Cop over Hooker" story. *

EXLEY
Remember, Bud, we need evidence.

BUD
I'll get the evidence.

209 INT. WEST HOLLYWOOD STATION - TWILIGHT 209 *

Lynn looks up as Exley enters. Her face is puffy, swollen.

LYNN
(dry)
If I knew you were coming I'd have baked a cake.

(CONTINUED)

209 CONTINUED: 209

EXLEY
Forget everything else for a second, Lynn. Is there anything you can give me on Dudley Smith?

A blank look from her.

EXLEY
He's a police captain. In business with Patchett.

LYNN
(shakes her head)
I never heard of him.

EXLEY
Okay. Look, if it helps, Bud hates himself for what he did.

LYNN
(a beat)
I know how he feels.

A beat as Exley wonders how he should interpret this.

EXLEY
I don't know if it's pathetic or romantic, but when this is all over I'd like to see you again. Just the two of us this time.

Lynn looks away, can't help an ironic smile even as she starts to cry. As Exley gives her his handkerchief...

210 EXT. HUSH-HUSH MAGAZINE OFFICE - NIGHT 210

Bud arrives to a homicide cordon, crowds of onlookers and press. Hurrying forward, he flashes his badge, enters.

211 INT. HUSH-HUSH MAGAZINE OFFICE - NIGHT 211 *

A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER snaps a shot of Hudgeons who lies broken on the floor by his desk. The office is in shambles. Bud stops a PASSING DETECTIVE.

BUD
What happened?

PASSING DETECTIVE
Somebody beat him to death, then stole a bunch of files. Must've dug up garbage on the wrong guy.

(CONTINUED)

211 CONTINUED: 211

The detective gestures to the page ones tacked to the wall. Each representing a ruined career.

PASSING DETECTIVE
I got it narrowed down to a thousand suspects.

The detective continues on. As Bud thinks, a ROOKIE-TYPE approaches.

ROOKIE-TYPE
Uh -- Sergeant White?

BUD
What?

ROOKIE-TYPE
Dispatch just got a call for you. Lieutenant Exley wants you to meet him at the Victory Motel.

212 EXT. VICTORY MOTEL - NIGHT 212

Bud's Packard crests the rise looking down on the Victory. Exley's Plymouth is in the courtyard.

213 INT. VICTORY MOTEL - ROOM 5 - NIGHT 213 *

Exley in the hotseat. Sitting there thinking. At a car door closing, he goes to the door.

214 EXT. VICTORY MOTEL - ROOM 5 - NIGHT 214 *

Exley comes out as Bud approaches, toting a shotgun. The sun is down. The sky is just a dull glow.

BUD
You wanted to meet here?

EXLEY
Me? You called it. I figured Sid Hudgeons was...

BUD
(interrupting)
Hudgeons is dead.

(CONTINUED)

214 CONTINUED: 214

As the reality sinks in, Bud and Exley hear tires on the gravel; cars are coming. Being in a concavity, they don't see them yet. Then the cars start to stop, seemingly all around them.

Bud and Exley can't see anything, but they hear the clicks of car doors opening. They don't hear them shut. There are footsteps, murmured whispers.

EXLEY
Shit... Come on.

Exley starts for his car, but Bud holds him back. We hear another car pull up somewhere behind.

BUD
Too late.

A beat. Resigned, Exley nods. They retreat back, disappear into room 6. A beat. There's movement in the shadows to the left. To the right.

215 INT. VICTORY MOTEL - ROOM 6 - NIGHT 215

Adjoining room 5. Really the same space but for a row of studs which cut the room in half. There's a big side window. Bud covers most of it with a ratty old mattress. Exley drops an end table on the counter, blocking the kitchenette window.

EXLEY
You figured this was a set up?
And you showed up anyway?

Bud pumps the shotgun. He pulls a .45 automatic and a clip from his waistband.

BUD
A lot of bad stuff happened here.
It's as good a place as any for it
to end. Here.

He throws the auto and the clip to Exley, pulls out a .38. Bud's armed for bear. Exley switches off the light. They wait in silence. Then:

EXLEY
You know, all I ever wanted was to
measure up to my father.

(CONTINUED)

215 CONTINUED: 215

BUD
Now's your chance. He died in the line of duty, didn't he?

Gallows humor. Exley looks at him, holds back a laugh. Bud smiles. In another life, they could have been buddies.

A creak outside the rear window of unit 6. Exley wheels, fires at a shape in the window. We see the figure of a MAN sprawl back in the dirt.

At that, a barrage of gunfire from all sides. Exley and Bud hit the deck as bullets whiz, wood splinters and plaster rains down. Some of the flying debris has broken one of the lenses on Exley's glasses, creased the side of his head. But he's okay.

At the first lull, a 2ND MAN shoulders his way hard through the front door of unit 5. Bud sends him back the way he came with a blast from the shotgun. In the darkness beyond, muzzle flashes. Exley and Bud duck forward, return fire that way. Exley empties the .45; Bud does the same with the shotgun. As they reload...

The back window breaks behind the mattress, muffled under the gunfire. Bud and Exley look at each other, slide back. Standing to either side, they yank down the mattress and fire simultaneously, tearing TWO MEN apart. A beat, then...

EXLEY
We got em!

Bud smiles as there's an answering WHOOP.

215A INT. ROOM 5 215A

Bud steps between the studs into the room. He rips back the broken floorboards where the hot seat used to be. With a look and a gesture to Exley, he drops down under the room.

Exley waits, listens.

216 EXT. VICTORY MOTEL - CRAWLSPACE - NIGHT 216

Bud, on his back below the joists. Here and there, a 2X4 support rests on a concrete footing. Bud looks around, checking out the chicken wire vents in the siding. Two sets of feet slide past a vent. Bud rolls to get a bead, fires the shotgun as they pass a second vent, blowing away chicken wire and the wooden siding. Shrieks as the men go down.

216A INT. VICTORY MOTEL - ROOM 6 - NIGHT 216A *

Placing the sound, Exley rushes to the kitchenette, jerks back the end table, jumps up and leans out. *

216B EXT. VICTORY MOTEL - REAR YARD (BEHIND ROOM 6) - NIGHT 216B *

The 5TH and 6TH MEN on the ground. Three rounds from Exley's .45 and one from the .38 finish them off. *

216C INT. VICTORY MOTEL - CRAWLSPACE - NIGHT 216C *

From the corner of his eye, Bud just sees a pair of feet clear one of the vents. But then they're gone. *

217 INT. VICTORY MOTEL - ROOM 6 - NIGHT 217 *

As Exley pulls his head back in, a 7TH MAN fires from the doorway. Shot through the left shoulder, Exley goes down, twisting and firing back with the .38. The 7th man falls. *

A rattle of fire rips in from the door of room 5. Exley fires back a round, clicks on empties. He scuttles back, struggles to reload the .38... *

217A INT. ROOM 5 217A *

The 8TH and 9TH MEN, exchange a grin, advance. Exley's not going to have time. Then Bud rises up behind them from the hole in the floor. The shotgun thunders twice and down they go. *

Reloading, Bud scrambles over, sees the blood on Exley's shirt. *

BUD
You okay?

EXLEY
(nods)
I'm thinking we might walk away from this.

Bud reaches down, hauls Exley to his feet. As his eyes follow him up, they widen at something beyond: <u>Dudley stands in the doorway, .38 raised</u>. He's got nothing to shoot at, but Exley's back. Exley dead to rights. As Bud shoves Exley hard to the ground, Dudley fires. *

(CONTINUED)

218 EXT. VICTORY MOTEL - NIGHT 218

Dudley moves into the motorcourt. He looks to the glow of approaching headlights about to crest the hill. Exley steps out of room 5, shotgun still in hand.

DUDLEY
Hold up your badge so they know we're policemen.

Dudley raises his badge high over his head. Suddenly, Exley's shotgun belches flame. Dudley goes down, shot in the back. Exley's answer is finally yes.

The police cars come over the hill, their headlights illuminating Dudley's body with Exley standing over him. Exley drops the gun.

As he holds his own badge above his head...

DISSOLVE TO:

L.A. MONTAGE - "Rags to Riches" plays.

219 EXT. ROSE BOWL PARADE - DAY 219

Riding in a convertible, waving to the crowds is the Grand Marshal - the new Vice President, a young Richard Nixon.

220 INT. CITY HALL DET. BUREAU - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT 220

A midnight assembly. The Chief, D.A. Loew and several high ranking brass. Their attention riveted through the one-way glass into...

221 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - NIGHT 221

Bloody arm bandaged, exhausted, Exley sits across from two INTERNAL AFFAIRS DETECTIVES.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS ONE
You think you can talk your way out of this, Lieutenant?

EXLEY
No. But I think I can tell you the truth.

As Exley begins...

222 TELEVISION SCREEN 222

Over the main title logo, we're informed that tonight's episode of "Badge of Honor" is Dedicated to the memory of technical advisor Sgt. Jack Vincennes.

223 EXT. CAHUENGA PASS - THE VENTURA FREEWAY - DAY 223 * *

A ribbon is cut. Eager motorists roll down the blacktop.

224 EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - DAY 224

Ronald Reagan applauds as Jane Wyman plunges her hands into fresh sidewalk cement.

225 INT. CITY HALL DET. BUREAU - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT 225

The brass, including the Chief and Ellis Loew, exchange concerned looks and raised eyebrows as they watch Exley through the glass, his voice heard over the speakers.

LOEW
(to the Chief)
Your golden boy's throwing his whole life away.

226 EXT. LOS ANGELES MUNICIPAL AIRPORT - DAY 226

The entrepreneurs from San Francisco and Cleveland, last seen at the Victory Motel, return to L.A., stepping down from a gleaming United Airlines DC-3.

227 EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY 227

Hush-Hush is delivered. The headline: Actor Reynolds in his Final Role: Conductor of the Night Train to Slice City.

228 INT. CITY HALL DET. BUREAU - INTERR. ROOM #1 - NIGHT 228

Exley stares across at the Internal Affairs Detectives. Purged, he's finally stopped playing angles.

EXLEY
That's it. That's the whole story.

217A CONTINUED: 217A

The shot passes through Bud's left bicep. Bud drops the shotgun, but goes for Dudley. A second shot rips Bud's chest, but still he comes, driven by rage, his hands reaching for Dudley. Until Dudley fires into his chest again. Bud falls into Dudley who twists away, shoving Bud down to the floor. Bud is still.

Exley's managed to shake the cobwebs from being flattened by Bud. Dudley turns, aims at him. A frozen moment as Exley looks up at his father figure. His expression is strange, and when the words come, they are even stranger.

EXLEY
Rollo Tomasi.

Dudley reacts.

DUDLEY
Who is he?

EXLEY
You are. You're the guy who gets away with it. Jack knew that and so do I.

We hear distant police sirens.

Dudley cocks back the .38's hammer. It's over. But Dudley screams as Bud buries a switchblade into his left calf. Dudley turns and fires a round down into Bud's face.

As Bud collapses, the blade wrenches free...

Exley has gone for Bud's shotgun. Dudley, regaining his composure, turns, but finds himself staring down the barrel of the shotgun. The sirens are getting closer. Dudley sets down the .38.

DUDLEY
Are you going to shoot me or arrest me?

Exley doesn't answer, but his eyes betray him.

DUDLEY
Good, my politician. Let me do the talking. By the time I'm done, they'll make you Chief of Detectives.

Dudley turns and hobbles out the door.

229 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT 229

Loew, the Chief and the Brass confer.

LOEW
The press will have a field day with this. *

BRASS #1
It'll stain the department for years.

THE CHIEF
Decades.

LOEW
If we could convince the kid to play ball, who's to say how Dudley Smith died? *

The Chief looks back through the glass. Following the Internal Affairs Detectives out, Exley pauses, looks to the gray tinted wall mirror.

229A INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - NIGHT 229A

Exley smiles in spite of himself. He can't see him, but he looks right at the Chief. Suddenly, the speaker overhead crackles to life.

THE CHIEF (V.O.)
You want to tell me what you're smiling about?

EXLEY
A hero.

229B INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT 229B

The men look at each other. How did he know?

THE CHIEF
And?

Exley stares back at faces he can't see. He sees an angle, can't stop himself:

EXLEY
(over speaker)
In this situation, you're going to need more than one.

The Chief considers this a beat, then...

(CONTINUED)

229B CONTINUED: 229B

THE CHIEF
Why don't you join us back here, Edmund?

CUT TO:

230 LOS ANGELES EXAMINER HEADLINE: 230

R.I.P. DUDLEY SMITH.
FABLED L.A. COP DIES DEFENDING CITY FROM ORGANIZED CRIME!

230A INT. PRISON CELL - DAY 230A

Mickey Cohen reads the story, chuckles to himself. Setting the paper down, the goes to the sink and washes his hands.

231 INT. CITY HALL ROTUNDA - DAY 231

Exley in his dress blues, his left arm in a white sling. Flashbulbs pop as the Chief pins a medal on his chest. The Chief steps to a microphone.

THE CHIEF
Next year the L.A.P.D. will move into its new facility. With leaders like two-time Medal of Valor recipient Detective Lieutenant Edmund Exley, the image of fat cops stealing apples will be left behind forever and Los Angeles will finally have the police force it deserves.

Applause. More flashbulbs. Lynn watches from the back as Exley runs a handshake gauntlet. Finally, he spots her. She's returned to her natural brunette. Looks even better. Exley steps over.

EXLEY
(ironic smile)
I tried to throw it all away and they give it back in spades.

Lynn looks at him a moment, then smiles. She knows better.

LYNN
You couldn't resist playing one last angle, could you?

(CONTINUED)

231 CONTINUED: 231

Exley can't help but smile. She's got his number.

EXLEY *
They're using me and for a little *
while I'm using them. *

232 EXT. CITY HALL - DAY 232

Exley walks Lynn down the steps.

EXLEY
Where will you go?

(CONTINUED)

232 CONTINUED: (AA1) 232

LYNN
Bisbee, Arizona. The air's good for pensioners and I know where everything is.

EXLEY
When?

LYNN
Right now.

EXLEY
Where is he?

(CONTINUED)

232 CONTINUED: (A1) 232

Lynn gestures towards her parked car. Exley walks her over. She opens the back door. Bud's in the back. Braces on his legs, head sutured. Jaw wired shut and tubes running in and out. But his hands still look strong. Bud forces a smile through the wires, tries to say something, but can't.

EXLEY
You just did what you did. No rank, no glory. *

Exley takes his hands. Bud squeezes till both men wince.

EXLEY
Thanks for the push. *
*
Bud turns away so Exley won't see the tears. *

LYNN
We should go now.

As Exley steps back, Lynn closes the door. A departing well-wisher calls out a congratulation to Exley. Exley looks to Lynn.

EXLEY
Do you think I ever could've been in the running?

LYNN
Some men get the world. Others get ex-hookers and a trip to Arizona.

A beat. Exley wishes he'd gotten the trip to Arizona. She kisses him on the cheek, gets in the car. Starts it.

Exley looks back at Bud. Bud presses his hands to the glass. Exley touches his side, palms half the man's size. Hands against hands.

The car moves. A turn into traffic, a goodbye toot on the horn. Exley's all alone. As he watches them go...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END